

Greenes Tu quoque,

OR
The Cittie Gallant.

*As it hath bene divers times acted by the Greenes
Maiesties Seruants.*

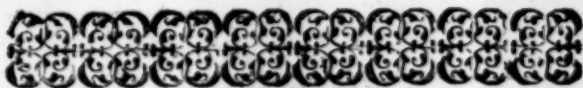
Written by Iohn COOKE Gent.



Printed at London for Thomas Dene and are to be sold at his
shop in Saint Dunstons Church yard in Fleetstreet. 1600.

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To the Reader.



O gratulate the loue and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirely beloued Fellow, the Actor, I could not chuse (being in the way, iust when this Play was to bee published in Print) but to prefix some token of my affection to either in the Frontispice of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his praise, then any Oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this Worke was disuulged with his consent, or no : but how-soeuer, since it hath past the Test of the Stage with so generall an applause, pittie it were but it should likewise haue the honour of the Presse. As for Master Greene, all that I will speak of him and that (without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an Actor of his nature, in his time, of better ability in performance of what he vndertooke; more aplaudent by the Audience, of greater Grace at the Courts, or of more generall loue in the City, and so with this brieft character of his memory, I commit him to his rest.

Thomas Heywood,

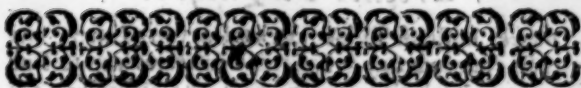


Vpon the death of Thomas Greene.

*How fast bleake Autumne
changeth Floraes dye,
What yesterday was (Greene)
now's seare and dry.*

W. R.





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A Mercers Shop discovered, *Gartred* working in it, *Spendall* walking by the Shop: *M. Ballance* walking over the Stage: after him *Longfield* and *Geraldine*.

Francis.



Hat lacke you sir? faire stufes, or veluets?

Ball. Good morrow *Francis*.

Fran. Good morrow master *Ballance*.

Gerald. Sape you master *Longfield*.

Long. And you sir, what businesse drawes you toward this end o' th towne?

Gerald. Faith no great serious affaires, onely a stirring humour to walke, and partly to see the beauties of the Citie; but it may be you can instruct mee: pray whole shops this?

Long. Why tis *Will Rasles* fathers, a man that you are well acquainted with. Enter a wench with a basket of linnen.

Ger. As with your selfe; and is that his sister?

Long. Marry is it sir.

Ger. Pray let vs walke, I would behold her better.

Wench. Buy some quaises, handkerchers, or very good bonelace Mistresse.

Gert. None.

Wench. Will you buy any hankerchers sir,

Spend. Yes, haue you any fine ones?

Wench. Ile shew you choyce, please you looke sir?

Spend. How now, what newes?

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Wench. Mistresse Tickle-man has sent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and entreates you to send her an angell, whether you can come, or whether you can not.

He reads.

Spend. Sweete Rascall! if your loue be as earnest as your protestation, you will meeete me this night at Supper, you know the randeuows, there will be good company, a noise of choise Fiddlers, a fine boy with an excellent voyce, very good songs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpose my selfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I shall powt my selfe sicke, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall close friend,

Nau Tickleman.

I pray you send me an angell by this bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

What's the price of these two?

Wench. Halfe a crowne in truth, sir.

Spend. Hold thee, thee's an angell, and commend me to my delight, tell her I will not faile her though I lose my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you sir, buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken sir extreemely, what's the object?

Gerald. Shee's wondrous fayre.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching, ile leaue you.

Gerald. You shall not be so vnfriendly, pray assist me; Wee'l to the shop and cheapen stufes or sattins.

Spend. What lack you Gentlemen? fine stufes, veluets, or sattins? pray come neere.

Ger. Let me see a good sattin.

Spend. You shall sir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent; what colour most affects you Lady?

Gert. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demand it.

Gert.

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Gart. Sir, I beleue it, but I neuer did
Tie my affection vnto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast tied
Vnto the crimson colour of your cheeke.

Gart. You rellish too much Courtier, Sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeede sir.

Long. You set a high rare on't, it had neede be good.

Spend. Good! if you find a better i'th towne, Ile giue you
mine for nothing: if you were my owne brother, I'de put it
into your hands, looke vpon't, t'is close wrought, and has an
excellent glasse.

Long. I, I see't.

Spend. Pray sir come into the next room; Ile shew you
that of a lower price shall (perhaps) better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, sure hee was
brought vp in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in sir?

Long. No, t'is no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Prethee walke in, what you bargain for ile dis-
charge.

Long. Say so, fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman,

Ger. Why do you say I flatter? *Exeunt. Spend. Long.*

Gart. Why? you doe,

And so do all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heauen, and not admires the worke?

Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praise

The beauty of the Stone? if these deserue

The name of excellent, I lacke a word

For thee which meritts more,

More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I must
leane you.

Ger. Leane with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you craue?

Gerald. That which I feare you will not let me haue.

Gart.

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Ger. You doe not know my bounty : Say what it is,

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modest kisse,

Ger. If I should giue you one, would you reſtaine,
on that condition, ne're to begge againe.

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Ger. Then't ſeemes you haue,

Though you get nothing, a delight to craue,
One will not hurt my lippe, which you may take,
Not for your loue, but for your abſence ſake. So farewel ſir.

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my ſoule)
Neuer let ill ſit nere thee, vnleſſe it come
To purge it ſelfe; be as thou euer ſeem'ſt,
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy
The man that ſhall poſſeſſe thee for his Bride.

Enter Spendall and Longfield.

Spem. Will you haue it for thirteene ſhillings and fixe
pence? Ile fall to as low a price as I can, becauſe Ile buy your
cuſtome.

Long. How now man? what'ſt intranced?

Ger. Good ſir, ha you done?

Long. Yes faith, I thinke as much as you, and 'tis juſt no-
thing : wher's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere ſir, heere.

Long. Vds pittie, vbutton man thou'lt ſtifle her elſe.

Ger. Nay good ſir, will you goe?

Long. Withall my heart, I ſtay but for you.

Spem. Doe you heare ſir?

Long. What ſay?

Spem. Will you take it for thirteene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid. *Ex. Ger. & Long.*

Spem. Why then ſay you might haue had a good bargain.
Wher's this boy to make vp the wares? heere's ſome teene
pcees opened, and all to no purpo'e. *Enter Boy.*

Boy. O Franke, ſhut vp ſhop, ſhut vp ſhop.

Spem. Shut vp ſhop, boy, why?

Boy. My Maſter is come from the Court knighted, & bid

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for hee sayes hee will haue the first yeare of the reigne of his
Knighthood kept holiday : here he comes, *Enter Sir Lionell.*

Spend. God giue your worship ioy, sir.

Sir Lion. O *Franks*, I haue the worship now in the right
kinde, the sword of Knighthood sticks still vpon my shoulders,
and I feele the blow in my palse, it has cut two leather bagges
asunder; but all's one: honour must bee purchas'd: I will giue
ouer my Citty coat, and betake my selfe to the Court iacker;
as for trade, I will deale in't no longer, I will seate thee in my
shop, and it shall be thy care to aske men what they lacke, my
stocke shall be summed vp, and I will call thee to an account
for it.

Spend. My seruice sir, neuer deseru'd so much,
Nor could I euer hope so large a bounty
Could spring out of your loue.

Sir Lyon. That's all one,
I do loue to do things beyond mens hopes,
To morrow I remove into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at *Fulham*;
He that hath choyce, may shifte the whilst shalte thou
Be Master of this house and rent it free.

Spend. I thanke you sir.

Sir Lyon. To day ile goe dine with my Lord Maior: to mor-
row with the Sherifes, and next day with the Aldermen, I will
spread the Ensigne of my Knighthood ouer the face of the Citi-
ty, which shall strike as great a terrout to my enemies, as euer
Tamberlane to the *Turkes*.

Come *Franks*, come in with me, and see the meate,
Vpon the which my Knighthood first shall eate.

Exeunt.

Enter Staines.
Staines. There is a diuell has haunted me these three yeeres,
in likeness of an *Viceroy* fellow that in all his life neuer eate
three groat loues out of his owne purse, nor neuer warmed
him but by other mens fiets, neuer saw a ioynt of Mutton in his
owne house these foure and twenty yeeres, but alwayes coso-
ned the poore prisoners, for he alwayes bought his viualls

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out of the almes-basket, and yet this rogue now feeds vpon Capons which my tenants sent mee out of the Country; hee is Laudlord forsooth ouer all my possessions: well I am spent, and this rogue has consum'd me; I dare not walke abroad to see my friends, for feare the Sericants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*. Enter *Bubble*.

How now, *Bubble* hast thou pack'd vp all thy things? our parting time is come: nay prethee do not weepe.

Bub. Affection sir will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast beene a faithfull seruant to me, go to thy Vnkle, hee'l giue thee entertainment, tell him vpon the stony rocke of his merclesse heart my fortunes suffer shipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an vsurping rascall, and one that would do the Common-wealth good, if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for, thou art his heire, my affectionate *Bubble*.

Bub. But Master, wherefore should we be parted? (full.

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hope.

Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to goe Master?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To sea, Lord blesse vs, me thinks I heard of a tempest already, but what will you do at Sea? (Pyrate.

Staines. Why as other Gallants doe that are spent, turne

Bub. O Master, haue the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide, giue not your friends cause to wet their Handkerchers: Nay Master, ile tell you a better course then so, you and I will goe and robbe mine Vnkle, if we scape, wee'le dominiere together, if we be taken, wee'le be hanged together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two,

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. By your leaue sir, whereabouts dwels one M. *Bubble*.

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, do you know M. *Bubble* if you do see him?

Mes. No in truth do I not.

Bub. What is your businesse with Master *Bubble*?

Mes.

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Mas. Marry sir, I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend I am the man

Mas. May I be assured sir, that your name is Master Bubble?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master Bubble,
Master Bartholomew Bubble.

Mas. Why then sir, you are heire to a million, for your Vn-
kle the rich Vsurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honest friend, goe to the next Haberdash-
dashes, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take
thou that for thy labour.

Mas. I will sir.

Exit.

Enter another Messenger hastily, and knocks.

Bub. Vmh, vmh, vmh.

Sta. I would the newes were true; see how my little Bubble
is blowne vp with't. (there?)

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke

Sta. Marry sir, I would speake with the worshipfull ma-
ster Bubble.

Bub. The worshipfull, and what would you doe with the wor-
shipfull Master Bubble? I am the man.

Sta. I cry your worshipmercy then, Master Thong, the
Belt-maker, sent me to your worship, to giue you notice, that
your Vnkle is dead, and that you are his only heire. *Exit.*

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I haue look't for't long,
Thanks ynto thee, my friend, and good man Thong.

Enter Master Blanche.

Sta. Certainly this newes is true: for see another, by this
light his Scriuener, now M. Blanche, whither away so fast?

Bl. Master Staunt, God saue you, where is your man?

Sta. Why looke you sir, doe you not see him?

Bl. God saue the right worshipfull master Bubble, I bring
you heauy newes with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Bl. I am your worships poore Scriuener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seemes, for he has both his eares.

Bl. I am one that your worships Vnkle committed some
trust

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trust in for the putting out of his mony, and I hope I shall haue the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine? would you haue the putting out of mony?

Bla Yea sir,

Bub. No sir, I am old enough to put out my owne mony.

Bla. I haue writings of your worships.

Sra. As thou lou'st thy profite, hold thy tongue, thou and I will conferre.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell mee when, and how my vnkle died? (Butcher?)

Bla. Yes sir, he died this morning, and he was kill'd by a

Bub. How by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeede sir, for going this morning into the Market to cheapeen meate, he fell downe starke dead because a Butcher asked him foure shillings for a shoulder of Mutton.

Bu. How, stark dead? and could not *aqua vita* fetch him again?

Bla. No sir, nor *rosa solis* neither, and yet there was tryall made of both.

Bu. I shall loue *aqua vita* & *rosa solis* the better while I liue.

Sra. Will it please your worship to accept of my poore seruice, you know my case is desperate, I beseech you that I may feede vpon your bread, tho it be of the brownest, and drinke of your drinke tho it be of the smallest, for I am humble in body, and dejected in minde, and will doe your worship as good seruice for forty shillings a yeere, as another shall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you haue beene my master, but otherwise, I will entertaine no man without some Knight or Ladies Letter for their behauiour, *Gernase* I take it is your christen name.

Sra. Yes if it please your worship?

Bub. Well *Gernase*, be a good seruant, and you shall finde me a dutifull Master: and because you haue beene a Gentleman, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behauiour, Conduct me to my Pallace.

Enter Gernase at his study reading.

Ger. As little children loue to play with fire,

And

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And will not leaue till they themselves do burne,
So did I fondly dally with desire:
Vntill Loues flames grew hot, I could not turne,
Nor well auoid; but sigh and sob, and mourne
As children doe, when as they feele the paine,
Till tender mother kisse them whole againe.
Fie, what vnflauory stufte is this? but she,
Whose mature indgement can distinguish things,
Will thus conceit; tales that are harshly told,
Haue smoothest meanings, and to speake are bold:
It is the first-borne Sonet of my braine,
We suck'd a white lease from my blacke-lip'd penne
So sad employment. *Enter Will Rast and Longfield.*
Yet the dry paper drinks it vp as deepe,
As if it flowed from *Petrarches* cunning Quill.

Rast. How now! what haue we heere, a Sonet and a Satire
coupled together like my Ladies Dogge and her Monkie; *As little children, &c.*

Ger. Prethee away, by the deepest oath that can be sworne,
thou shalt not reade it, by our friendship I coniure thee, prethee
let goe.

Rast. Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'st thou, a Pi-
geon, a Dove, a Mate, a Turtle, dost loue Fowle, ha?
O no, shee's thrife fairer then is the Queene,
Whom beauteous *Venus* called is by name, prethee let me know
what she is thou louest, that I may shunne her, if I should chance
to meete her.

Long. Why Ile tell you fir what she is, if you do not know.

Rast. No not I, I protest. *Long.* Why t'is your sister.

Rast. How! my sister?

Long. Yes, your eldest sister.

Rast. Now God bleffe the man, he had better chuse a wench
that has bene borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpe-
tuall motion, Thought is not so swift as it is; and for pride, the
woman that had her Russe poak'd by the diuell, is but a Pur-
itan to her, thou couldst neuer haue fastned thy affection on a
worse subiect, shee'l blow faster then a court-waiting woman

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in progresse, any man that comes in the way of honesty does she let her marke vpon, that is, a villainous leaſt; for ſhe is a kinde of Poetesse, and will make Ballads vpon the calues of your legges: I prethee let her alone, ſhee'l neuer make a good wife for any man vnleſſe it be a Leather drefſer; for perhaps he, in time, may turne her.

Ger. Thou haſt a priuilege to vtter this,
But by my life my owne bloud could not ſcape
A chaſtiſement for thus prophaning her,
Whoſe vertues ſits about mens calumnies,
Had mine owne brother ſpoke thus liberally,
My fury ſhould haue taught him better manners.

Long. No more words as you feare a challenge.

Raſe. I may tell thee in thine eare, I am glad to heare what I do; I pray God ſend her no worſe husband, nor he no worſe wife: do you heare loue, will you take your Cloak and Rapier, and walke abroad into ſome whoſome aire? I doe much feare thy infection, good counsell I ſee will do no good on thee, but purſue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile proue a faithfull friend.

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickle-man, Sweatman. exit.

Purſues and a Drawer.

Spend. Here's a ſpacious roome to walke in, firra ſet downe the candle, and fetch vs vp a Quart of Ipocras, and ſo wee'l part.

Sweat. Nay faith ſonne, wee'l haue a pottle, lets ne're bee couetous in our yong dayes.

Spend. A pottle firra, doe you heare?

Dra. Yes ſir, you ſhall.

Spend. How now wench, how doſt?

Tickle. Faith I am ſomewhat ſicke, yet I ſhould be well enough if I had a new gowne.

Spend. Why heere's my hand, within theſe three daies thou ſhalt haue one.

Sweat. And will you (ſonne) remember me for a new forepart, by my troth, my old one is worne ſo bare, I am aſham'd any body ſhould ſee't.

Spend. Why, did I euer faile of my promiſe?

Sweat.

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Sweat. No in sincerity didst thou not *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Heere's a cup of rich Ipocras.

Spend. Here sister, mother, and master Pursnet; nay good fir, be not so dejected, for by this wine, to morrow I will send you stufte for a new suite, and as much as shall line you a cloake cleane through.

Pursf. I thanke you, and shall study to deserue.

Spend. Heere boy, fill, and hang that curmogie that's good for no body but himselfe.

Pursf. Heroickly spoken by this Candle, t's pitty thou wert not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord / by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Maior of Londen before I dye, and haue three Pageants carried before me, besides a Shippe and an Vnicorne: Prentices may pray for that time, for whensoever it happens, I will make another Shrouetuesday for them. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Young master *Rash* has sent you a quart of Maligo.

Spend. M: *Rash*! zownds how does he know I am heere?

Dra. Nay, I know not fir.

Spend. Know not, it conies through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions, t's my masters sonne, a fine Gentleman he is, & a boon companlon, I must goe see him. *Exit Spend.*

Swe. Boy, fill a cup of your Maligo, wee'l drinke to M. *Spend.* all in his absence, there's not a finer spirit of a Citizen within the walles, here master *Pursnet*: you shall pledge him.

Pursf. Ile not refuse it were it puddle: by *Six* he is a bountifull Gentleman, and I shall report him so: here *Mistris Tickle-man*, shall I charge you?

Tickle. Do your worst Sergeant, ile pledge my yong *Spendall* a whole Sea, as they say, sa la la la la, would the Musicke were heere againe, I do begin to be wanton, Ipocras sirra, and a dry Bisket; here bawd, a carowse.

Sweat. Bawd, I saith you beginne to grow light in ith head, I pray, no more such words, for if you doe, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickle. Distempers, hang your distempers, bee angry with me

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me and thou dar'st, I pray, who feedes you, but I? who keepe the feather-boddes from the Brokers but I? tis not your saw-sege face, thicke clowted creame rampallion at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Parf. Nay, sweete Mistrresse *Tickle-man*, be concordant, reuerence antiquity.

Enter Rast, Longfield, and Spendall.

Rast. Saue you sweete creatures of beauty, saue you: How now old *Belzebub*, how dost thou?

Sweat. *Belzebub*! *Belzebub* in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good Mistrresse *Sweatman*, hee's a young Gallant, you must not weigh what he sayes.

Rast. I would my lamentable complayning Louer had beene heere, heere had beene a Superfedeas for his melancholly, and yfaith *Franky* I am glad my father has turn'd ouer his shop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall haue so much credite with thee, as to stand in thy bookes for a suite of Sattin.

Spend. For a whole peece, if you please, any friend of yours shall command me to the last remnant.

Rast. Why God a mercy *Franky*, what, shall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drinke, heere's forty crownes, as long as that will last, any thing.

Rast. Why there spoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of mony, t'is but rubbish, and he that hoords it vp, is but a Scauenger: if there be Cards ith house, lets go to Primero.

Rast. *Primero*, why I thought thou hadst not been so much gamster as to play at it.

Spend. Gamster (to say truth) I am none, but what is it I will not bee in good company? I will fit my selfe to all humors, I will game with a Gamster, drinke with a Drunkard, be ciuill with a Citizen, fight with a Swaggerer, and drabbe with a Wnoore-master.

Enter a Swaggerer puffing.

Rast

Greenes Tu Quaque.

Ras. An excellent humour ysaith.

Long. Zwounds what haue we heard?

Spend. A land Porpoise I thinke.

Ras. This is no angry; nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy; now *Aolus* defend vs what pusses are these?

Swag. I doe smell a Whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, giue him good words hee's one of the roaring boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere sir.

Swag. Take my cloake, I must vn buckle, my pickled Oysters worke; puffe, puffe.

Spend. Puffe puffe.

Swag. Dost thou retort in opposition stand.

Spend. Out you swaggering Rogue, Zwounds Hee kicke him out of the roome.

Ticke. Our alas, their naked tooles are out.

Spend. Feare not (sweete heart) come along with me.

Enter Garret sold.

Exeunt Iuues.

Gart. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too soone gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceitfull flattery or guile,
Hung on the Louers teare-commixed smile:

Could women learne but that imperiousnesse,

By which men vse to stint our happinesse,

When they haue purchast vs for to be theirs,

By customary sighs and forced teares,

To giue vs bittes of kindnesse lest we faint,

But no abundance, that we euer want,

And still are begging; which too well they know

Endeeres affection, and doth make it grow;

Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,

That we might glory ouer loue-sicke men?

But Arts we know not, nor of any skill,

To faine a fowre looke to a pleasing will,

Nor cowch a secret loue in shew of hate.

Enter Ioyce.

But

Greenes Tu Quoque.

But if we like, must be compassionate;
Yet I will strine to bridle and conceale,
The hid affection which my heart doth feele:

Joyce Now the Boy with the Bird-bolt be praisde: nay faith
sister forward, 'twas an excellent passion, come let's heare,
what is hee? if hee bee a proper man, and haue a blacke eye, a
smoooth chinne, and a curld pate, take him Wench, if my father
will not consent, runne away with him, Ile helpe to conuey
you.

Gart. You talke strangely sister,

Joyce. Sister, sister, dissemble not with mee, though you doe
meane to dissemble with your louer, though you haue protested
to conceale your affection, by this tongue you shall not, for Ile
discouer all as soone as I know the Gentleman.

Gart. Discouer, what will you discouer?

Joyce. Marry, enough, Ile warrant thee, first and formost, He
tell him thou readest loue-passions in print, and speakest enerie
morning without booke to thy looking-glasse; next, that thou
neuer sleepest, till an houre after the Bell-man; that as soone as
thou art asleepe, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art
the kindest and comfortablest Bed-fellow for kissings and
embracings; by this hand, I cannot rest for thee, but our fa-
ther.---

Enter Sir Lancello.

Lyonel. How now? what are you two consulting on, on hus-
bands? you thinke you lose time I am sure, but hold your owne
a little Girles, it shall not be long ere I prouide for you: and for
you *Gartred*, I haue bethought my selfe already,
Whirls—put the Vsurer in litle decaist,
A man of vnknowne wealth, which he has left
Vnto a prouident Kinsman as I heare,
That was once seruant to that Vnthrif *Staine*,
A prudent Gentleman they say he is,
And (as I take it) called *master Bubble*.

Joyce. *Bubble!*

Lyonel. Yes nimble-chappes, what say you to that?

Joyce.

Greenes In Quoque.

Joyce. Nothing, but that I wish his Christen name were *Wick*
Gart. Sir I'm at your disposing, but my minde
Stands not as yet towards marriage,
Were you so please I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Lyonell. Heere's the right trickes of them all let a man
Be motion'd to vni, they could be content
To leade a single life forsooth, when the harlots
Doe pine and runne into diseases,
Eate chalke and eate-meale, cry and creepe in corners,
Which are manifest tokens of their longings,
And yet they will dissemble. But *Gartred*,
As you doe owe me reuerence, and will pay it,
Prepare you selfe to loue this Gentleman,
Who can maintaine thee in thy choyce of *Gownes*,
Of *Tires*, of seruants, and of costly Jewels,
Nay far a neede, out of his easie nature,
Maist draw him to the keeping of his Coach
For Country, and Carroach for *London*,
Indeed what mightst thou not.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Sir, here's one come from Master *Bubbe*, to invite you
to the funerall of his Vnckle.

Lyonell. Thanke the Messenger, and make him drinke,
Tell him I will not faile to waite the coarfe,
Yet stay, I will goe talke with him my selfe;
Gartred, thinke vpon what I haue told you,
And let me er't be long receiue your answer.

Exeunt Lyonell and Ser.

Joyce Sister, Sister.

Gart. What say you sister?

Joyce Shall I prouide a Cord?

Gart. A Cord, what to doe?

Joyce. Why to let thee out at the Window; doe not I know
that thou wilt runne away with the Gentleman, for whom you

Greenes Tu Quoque.

made the passion, rather then induce this same *Bubble*, that my father talkes of, I were good you would let mee bee of your councell, lest I breake the necke of your plot.

Gart. Sister, know I loue thee,
And I le not thinke a thought thou shalt not know;
I loue a Gentleman that answers me,
In all the rites of loue as faithfully,
Has woo'd me oft with Sonnets and with teares,
Yet I seeme still to flight him: Experience tells,
The Iewell that's enioy'd is not esteem'd,
Things hardly got, are alwayes highest deem'd.

Joyce. You say well sister, but it is not good to linger but too long, continuance of time will take away any mans stomacke i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gart. You shall.

Joyce. Why go to then, you shall haue my opinion of him, if he deserue thee thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you loue him, I le sigh it out for you; come, we little creatures must helpe one another.

Exeunt.

Enter Gerastine.

Ger. How cheerefully doe things looke in this place,
Th' alwayes Spring-time heere, such is the grace
And potency of her who has the blisse,
To make it still *Elizeum* where she is:
Nor doth the King of flames i'th golden fiers,
After a tempest answere mens desires,
When as he casts his comfortable beames,
Ouer the flowrie fields and floure streames,
As her illustrate Beauty strikes in me,
And wrappes my soule vp to felicity.

Enter Garret and Joyce aloft.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Gart. Why sister, what will you doe?

Joyce. By my mayden-head, an oath which I ha' tooke in vaine, either goe downe and comfort him, or I le call him vp,
and

Greenes Tu Quoque.

and discloſe all: what will you haue no mercy? but let a proper man, that might ſpend the ſpirit of his youth vpon your ſelfe, fall into a conſumption, for ſhame ſiſter.

Gart. Yare the ſtrangeſt creature, what would you haue me doe?

Ioy. Marry, I would haue you goe to him, take him by the hand, and gripe him, ſay yare welcome, I loue you with all my heart, you are the man muſt doe the feat, and take him about the necke, and kiſſe vpon the bargaine.

Gart. Fie how you talke, tis meeere immodesty, The commonſt ſtrumpet would not do ſo much.

Ioy. Marry the better, for ſuch as are honeſt, Should ſtill do what the common ſtrumpet will not: Speake will you do it?

Gart. Ile looſe his company for euer firſt.

Ioyce. Do you heare firſt, heere's a Gentlewoman would ſpeak with you.

Gart. Why ſiſter, pray ſiſter.

Ioyce. One that loues you with all her heart, yet is aſham'd to confeſſe it.

Gart. Good ſiſter hold your tongue, I will goe downe to him.

Ioyce. Doe not leaſt with mee, for by this hand Ile either get him vp, or goe downe my ſelfe, and reade the whole Hiſtory of your loue to him.

Gart. If youle forbear to call, I will go downe.

Ioyce. Let me ſee your backe then, and heare you? Doe not vſe him ſcuruily you were beſt; vnſet all your tyrannicall lookes, and bid him ſouingly welcome, or as I line, Ile ſtretch out my voyce againe; vds foote, I muſt take ſome paines I ſee, or wee ſhall neuer haue this geere cotton: but to ſay truth, the fault is in my melancholy Monſieur, for if hee had but halfe ſo much ſpirit, as hee has fleſh, hee might haue boorded her by this. But ſee, yonder the marches; now a paſſion of his ſide of halfe an houre long; his harro is off already; as if hee were begging one poore penny-worth of kindeſſe.

Enter Gart.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. Shall I presume (faire Mistris) on your hand to lay my vnworthy lip?

Ioyce. Fie vpon him I am asham'd to heare him, you shall haue a Country fellow at a Maypole, go better to worke she had need to be constant, for hee is able to spoyle as many Maides as hee shall fall in loue withall.

Gart. Sir you professe loue vnto me, let mee intreate you it may appeare but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (Lady) and I shall loone effect it,

Gar. But for this present to forbear this place,
Because my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Ioyce. Doe you heare sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Ioyce. Looke vp to the Window.

Ger. What say you Gentlewoman?

Gar. Nay pray sir goe, it is my sister calls to hasten you.

Ioyce. I call to speake with you, pray stay a little.

Ger. The Gentlwoman has something to say to me.

Gar. Shee has nothing, I do coniure you, as you loue mee,
stay nor. *Exit Ioyce.*

Ger. The power of Magike cannot fasten me, I am gone.

Gar. Good sir, looke backe no more, what voyce ere call
you.

Imagine, going from me, you were comming,
And vse the same speede, as you loue my safety.

Exit Ger.

Wilde witted sister, I haue preuented you,

I will not haue my loue yet open'd to him,

By how much longer 'tis ere it be knowne,

Enter Ioyce.

By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchas'd

But I must vse my strength to stop her journey,

For she will after him: and see she comes;

Nay sister, you are at furdest.

Ioyce. Let me goe you were best, for if you wrastle with me I
shall throw you, passion, come backe, soole, louer, turne againe,
and kisse your belly full,

For

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For heere she is will stand you, do your worst :

Will you let me goe?

Garr. Yes, if youle stay.

Ioyce. If I stirre a foote hang mee, you shall come together of your selues and bee naught, doe what you will, for if ere I trouble my selfe againe, let me want helpe In such a case when I neede.

Garr. Nay but prethee sister be not angry.

Ioyce. I will be angry, vds foote, I cannot indure such foolery, I, two bashfull fooles, that would couple together, and yet haue not the faces.

Garr. Nay prethee sweete sister.

Ioyce. Come, come, let me goe, Birds that want the vse of reason and speech, can couple together in one day, and yet you that haue both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Garr. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Ioyce. Do not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you say, goe weepe and cry.

Garr. Nay but sister.

exennt ambo.

Enter Straine and a Drawer with wine.

Str. Drawer, bid them make hast at home, Tell them they are coming from Church.

Draw. I will sir.

Exit Drawer.

Str. That I should liue to be a seruing-man, a fellow which scalds his mouth with another mans porredge brings vp meate for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his own, changes his cleane Trencher for a fowle one, and is glad of it, and yet did I neuer liue so merry a life, when I was my masters master, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will stand too't for all my former speechar, a seruing-man liues a better life then his Master, and thus I prooue it, the saying is, The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh: then must the seruing-man needes eate the sweeter flesh, for hee alwayes pickes the bones. And againe the Prouerbe sayes, The deeper the sweeter: There has the seruing-man the vantage againe, for hee drinkes still in the bottome of the pot, hee fills his belly, and neuer askes

Greenes Tu Quoque.

askes what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke Watling-streete, without any feare of his Draper: and for his colours, they are according to the season, in the summer hee is apparelled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, in the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, Sir Lionell, and Longfield, and Sprinkle.

But see, I am preuented in my Encomium, I could haue maintain'd this theme these two houres.

Lyon. Well, God rest his soule, hee's gone, and we must all follow him.

Bub. I, I, hee's gone sir *Lionell*, hee's gone.

Lyonell. Why though he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him again, with all your cunning, it must be your comfort that he dyed well.

Bub. Truly and so it is, I would to God I had eene another Vnckle that would dye no worse; surely I shall weepe againe if I should find my handkercher.

Long. How now! what are these Onions?

Bub. I, I, Sir *Lionell*, they are my Onions, I thought to haue had them roasted this morning for my cold: *Gernase* you haue not wept to day, pray take your Onions Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharpe, therefore there is a banquet with-in to sweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentlemen, walke you in, you know I must needes be melancholy, and keepe my Chamber, *Gernase*, vsher them into the banquet.

Ger. I shall sir, please you sir *Lyonell*.

Gentlemen and Gernase goe out.

Lyonell. Well Master *Bubble*, wee'le goe in and taste of your bounty.

In the meane time, you must be of good cheere.

Bub. If griefe take not away my stomacke, I will haue good cheere I warrant you *Sprinkle*.

Sprin. Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole?

Sprin. Yes sir.

Bub. And how did they take them?

Sprin.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Sprin. Why with their hands, how should they take vnto?

Bub. O thou *Hercules* of ignorance! I meane how were they satisfied?

Sprin. By my troth sir, but so, so, and yet some of them had two.

Bub. O insatiable women, whom two puddings would not satisfie, but vanish *Sprinkle*; bidde your fellow *Gernase* come hither:

Exit Sprinkle.

And off my mourning robes, grieve to the graue,
For I haue gold, and therefore will be braue:

In silkes Ile rattle it of euery colour,

And when I goe by water, scorne a Sculler,

In blacke carnation Veluet I will cloake me, *Enter Staines.*

And when men bid God saue me, Cry *Tu Quoque*:

It is needefull a Gentleman should speake Latine sometimes, is it not *Gernase*?

Sra. O very gracefull sir, your most accomplish't Gentlemen are knowne by it.

Bub. Why then will I make vse of that little I haue,
Vpon times and occasions, heere *Gernase*, take this bag,
And runne presently to the Mercers, buy me seuen ells of horse
flesh colour'd Tassata, nine yarde's of yellow sattin, and eight
yards of forenge tawnie Veluet: then runne to the Tailers, the
Haberdashers, the Sempsters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and
to all trades whatsoe'r that belong to the making vp of a Gentleman;
and amongst the rest let not the Barber bee forgotten:
and looke that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can snap
his fingers with dexterity.

Sra. I shall fit you sir.

Bub. Doe so good *Gernase*, it is time my beard were corrected,
for it is growne so saw sic, as it beginnes to play with my
Nose.

Staines. Your Nose sir must indure it: for it is in part the fashion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my Nose shall indure it, let it
tickle his work.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why now y^e are in the right fir, if you will be a true Gallant, you must beare things resolute, as this fir, if you be at an Ordinary, and chance to loose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, reare Cards, and sling away Dice, as your ignorant Gamster, or countrey Gentleman does, but you must put on a calme temperate action, with a kind of carelesse smile, in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her Engines to batter downe one peece of your estate, that your means may be thought invincible, neuer tell your money, nor what you haue wonne. nor what you haue lost: if a question bee made: your answer must be, what I haue lost, I haue lost, what I haue wonne, I haue wonne, a close heart and a free hand, makes a man admired, a tasterne or a shilling to a seruant that brings you a glass: of beere, bindes his hands to his lippes, you shall haue more seruice of him then his Master, he will be more humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magistrate.

Bub. *Gernase* giue me thy hand, I thinke thou hast more wit then I that am thy Master, and for this Speech only, I do heere create thee my Steward: I do long me thinkes to be at an Ordinary, to smile at Fortune, and to be bountifull: *Gernase*, about your businesse good *Gernase*, whilst I goe and meditate vpon a Gentleman-like behauiour, I haue an excellent gate already *Gernase*, haue I not?

Sta. *Hercules* himselfe fir, had neuer a better gate.

Bub. But dispatch *Gernase*, the fatten and the velvet must be thought vpon, and the *Tu Quoque* must not bee forgotten: for whensoever I giue armes, that shall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

Sta. What a fortune had I throwne vpon mee, when I preferred my selfe idto this fellowes seruice! indeede I serue my selfe, and not him, for this Gold heere is mine owne truly purchased: he has credite, and shall runne ith bookes for't, I'll carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to looke into my actions, my mortgage I haue already got into my hands: the rent he shall enioy awhile, till his riot constraine him to sell it, which I will purchase with his owne monie, I must cheate a little, I haue beene cheated vpon, therefore I hope
the

Greenes Tu Quoque.

the world will a little the better excuse mee, what his Vnckle craftily got from me, I will knauishly recouer of him, to come by it I must vary shapes, and my first shift shall be in latrin:

Proten: propitious be to my disguise,

And I shall prosper in my enterprise.

Exit.

Enter Spendall, Purfnet, and a Boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber sirra.

Boy. You shall sir,

Spend. And bid those two men you said would speake with me, come in.

Boy I will sir.

Exit Boy.

Spend. Did I not play this Set well?

Enter Blanke and another.

Purf. Excellent well by *Phaeton*, by *Erebus*, it went as if it had cut the Line.

Bla. God bleffe you sir.

Spen. Master *Blancke*! welcome.

Bla. Heres the Gentlemans man sir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt please you tell sir?

Spend. Haue you the Bond ready master *Blancke*?

Bla. Yes sir.

Spen. Tis well, *Purfnet*, helpe to tell — 10. 11. 12.

What time haue you giuen?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next month.

Spen. Tis well, here's light gold.

Ser. T'will be the lesse troublefome to carry.

Spen. You say well sir, how much hast thou told?

Purf. In gold and siluer here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis right M. *Spendall*, I'll warrant you.

Spend. I'll take your warrant sir, and tell no further, come let me see the Condition of this Obligation.

Purf. A man may winne from him that cares not for't,
This royall *Cesar* doth regard no Cash,
Has throwne away as much in Duckes and Drakes,
As would haue bought some 50000. Capons.

Spend. Tis very well, so, send me your penne.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Purs. This is the Captaine of braue Citizens,
The *Agamemnon* of all merry Greekes,
A *Strikely* or a *Shurley* for his spirit,
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes,

Bla. You giue this as your deed.

Spend. Marry do I sir.

Bla. Pleaseth this Gentleman to be a witnesse.

Spend. Yes marry shall he, *Pursues* your hand.

Purs. My hand is at your seruice, Noble *Brutus*.

Spend. There's for your kindnesse master *Blancke*.

Bla. I thanke you sir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'll take my leaue of you.

Spend. What must we be gone too, master *Blancke*?

Bla. Yes indeede sir, I must to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both, *Pursenes*.

Take that twenty pounds, and giue it Mist: is *Sue at man*:

Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecary,

And let her Butcher and her Baker stay,

Thire honest men and I'll take order with them.

Purs. The Butcher and the Baker then shall stay.

Spend. They must till I am somewhat stronger pursd.

Purs. If this be all, I haue my errand perfect. *Exit Purs.*

Spend. Heere sirrah, heres for balls, there's for your selfe.

Boy. I thanke your worship.

Spend. Commend me to your Mistris. *Exit Spend.*

Boy. I will sir, in good faith 'tis the the liberal'st Gentleman
that comes into our Court, why he cares no more for a shilling
then I do for a boxe o'th care, God blesse him. *Exit.*

Enter Staines gallant, Longfield and a Seruant.

Sta. Sirra, what a clocke ist?

Ser. Past tense sir.

Sta. Heere will not be a Gallant scene this houre.

Ser. Within this quarter sir, and lesse, they meete heere as
soone as at any Ordinary it's towne.

Staines

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Hast any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes sir.

Sta. Fill.

Long. Why thou reportst miracles, things not to be beleueed: I protest to thee, had st thou not vnrip't thy selfe to me, I should neuer haue knowne thee.

Sta. I tell you sir, I was so far gone, that desperation knocked at mine elbow, and whispered newes to me out of Barberie.

Lon. Well, I am glad so good an occasion staid thee at home, And mai't thou prosper in thy proiect, and goe on, With best successe of thy inuention.

Sta. False dice say Amen, for that's my induction, I do meane to cheate to day without respect of persons: When sawest thou *Will Rash*?

Long. This morning at his Chamber, heele be heere.

Sta. Why then doe thou giue him my name and character, for my aime is wholly at my worshipfull Master.

Lon. Nay thou shalt take another into him, one that laughs out his life in this ordinary, thanks any man that wins his money: all the while his money is loosing, he sweares by the crosse of this siluer, and when it is gone, he changeth it to the holts of his sword.

Enter Scatter-good, and Ninny-hammer.

Sta. Hee'le be an excellent coach-horse for my captaine.

Scat. Salue you Gallants, saue you.

Lon. How thinke ye now? haue I not caru'd him out to you?

Sta. Th'ast lighted me into his heart, I see him throughly.

Scat. *Ninny-hammer.*

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier also: I thinke it bee early Gentlemen, what time do you take it to bee?

Sta. Inclining to eleuen sir.

Scat. Inclining; a good word; I would it were inclining to twelue, for by my stomake it should be high Noone: but what shall wee doe Gallants? shall wee to Cards, till our Company come?

Lon. Please you sir.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Scat. *Harry*, fetch fir Cardes, mee thinkes 'tis an vnseemely sight to see Gentlemen stand idle, please you to impart your smooke.

Long. Very willingly sir.

Scat. In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yeelds.

Scat. Had you it in the house? I had thought it had bin your owne: 'tis not so good now as I tooke it to be: Come Gentlemen, whats your game?

Sta. Why Gleeke, that's your only game.

Scat. Gleeke let it be, for I am perswaded I shall gleeke some of you: cut sir.

Long. What play we, twelue-pence gleeke.

Scat. Tweluepence, a crowne; vds foote I will not spoile my memory for twelue-pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Sta. Honour.

Scat. What ist, Harts?

Sta. The King, what say you?

Long. You must speake sir.

Scat. Why I bid thirteene.

Sta. Fourteene.

Scat. Fifteene.

Sta. Sixteene.

Lon. Sixteene, seuenteeene.

Sta. You shall ha't for mee.

Scat. Eighteene.

Long. Take it to you sir.

Scat. Vd'slid I'll not be out-brau'd.

Sta. I vic it.

Long. Ile none of it.

Scat. Nor I.

Sta. Giue me a mournauall of aces, and a gleeke of queenes.

Long. And me a gleeke of knaues.

Scat. Vd'slid, I am gleeke't this time.

Enter Will Rafe.

Sta. Play.

Rafe. Equall fortunes befall you Gallants.

Scat. *Will Rafe*, well, I pray see what a vile game I haue.

Rafe. What's your game, Gleeke?

Scat. Yes faith, Gleeke, and I haue not one Court carde, but the knaue of Clubbes.

Rafe.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Thou hast a wild hand indeed : thy small Cards shew like a troupe of Rebels, and the Knaue of Clubs their chiefe leader.

Scat. And so they doe as God saue me, by the crosse of this siluer he sayes true.

Enter Spendall.

Sir. Pray play fir..

Long. Honnor.

Rash. How goe the stockes Gentlemen, whats won or lost?

Sir. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes this the first game, but by the crosse of this siluer heere's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you Geurlemen.

Rash. Francke, welcome by this hand, how dost lad?

Spend. And how does thy Wench yfaith.

Rash. Why fat and plump.

Like thy Geldings : thou giu'st them both good Prouender
It seemes, goe to, thou art one of the madd'st waggies,
Of a Cittizen 'ith towne, the whole company talkes of thee al-
ready.

Spend. Talkie, why let vm talke, vds foote I pay scut and lot,
and all manner of duties else, as well as the best of vm : it may
be they vnderstand I keepe a Whoore, a Horse, and a kennell of
Hownds, what's that to them? no mans purse opens for't but
mine owne, and so long my Hounds shall eate flesh, my Horse
bread, and my Whoore weare Veluet.

Rash. Why there spoke a couragious Boy.

Spend. Vds foote shall I bee conſid' all the dayes of my life
to walke vnder a Pent-house? no, I'll take my pleasure whiles
my youth affoords it.

Scat. By the crosse of these hilts, I'll neuer play at Gleeke a-
gaine, whilst I haue a nose on my face,
I smell the knauery of the game.

Spend. Why what's the matter? who has lost?

Scat. Marry that haue I, by the hiltes of my sword, I haue
lost forty crowns, in as small time almost, as while a man might
tell it.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spind. Change your game for dice,
We are a full number for *Nouus*.

Scar. With all my heart, where's Master *Ambush* the Broaker
Ninni-hammer?

Nin Sir.

Scar. Goto M. *Ambush*, and bid him send me twenty markes
vpon this Diamond.

Enter Bubble.

Nin. I will fir.

Long. Looke you (to make vs the merrier) who comes here.

Rash. A fresh Gamster, M. *Bubble*, God saue you.

Bub. Tu Quoque sir.

Sp-n. God saue you Master *Bubble*;

Bub. Tu Quoque.

Sta. Saue you fir.

Bub. Et tu Quoque.

Lon. Good matter *Bubble*.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scar. Is your name Master *Bubble*.

Bub. Master *Bubble* is my name, fir.

Scar. God saue you fir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scar. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scar. Pray let vs salute againe.

Bub. With all my heart fir.

Lon. Behold yonder the oke and the Iuy how they imbrace.

Rash. Excellent acquaintance, they shall be the *Gemini*.

Bub. Shall I desire your name fir?

Scar. Master *Scattergood*.

Bub. Of the *Scattergoods* of London?

Scar. No iodeede fir, of the *Scattergoods* of Hampshire.

Bub. Good Master *Scattergood*.

Sta. Come Gentlemen, heere's dice.

Scar. Please you aduance to the Table?

Bub. No iodeede fir.

Scar. Pray will you goe?

Bub.

Greenes In Quoque.

Bub. I will goe fir ouer the whole world for your sake,
But in curtesie I will not budge a foote.

Enter Nimmhammer.

Nin. Heere is the Cash you sent me for, and master **Rash**,
Heere is a Letter from one of your sisters.

Spend. I haue the Dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which sister?

Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spend. For me, fixe.

Omnes. And fixe that.

Sea. Nine, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8. eghteene shillings.

Spend. What's yours fir?

Scat. Mine's a Bakers dozen : master **Bubble** tell your mony.

Bub. In good faith I am but a simple Gamster, and doe not
know what to doe.

Scat. Why you must tell your money, and heele pay you.

Bub. My mony I do know how much my mony is, but hee
shall not pay me, I haue a better conscience then so : what for
throwing the dice twice, yfaith he should haue but a hard bar-
gaine of it.

Rash. Witty Rascall, I must needes away.

Lon. Why what's the matter?

Rash. Why the louers cannot agree, thou shalt along with me,
and knowall.

Long. But first let me instruct thee in the condition of this
Gentleman, whom dost thou take him to be?

Rash. Nay, hees a stranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, if his beard were off, tis
Staines.

Rash. The diuell it is as soone : and whats his purpose in
this disguise?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not see how he playes vpon
his worshipfull Maister, and the rest.

Rash. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spen. A pox vpon these dice, giues a fresh bale.

Bub. Ha, ha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may per-

Greenes Tu Quoque.

¶ eiuethis is no Gentlemanly gamster, by his chasing: do you heare, my friend, fill me a glasse of beare, and ther's a shilling for your paines.

Dra. Your worship shall sir.

Rasb. Why, how now *Frank*, what hast lost?

Spend. Fifteene pounds and vpwards: is there neuer an honest fellow.

Amb. What, doe you lacke money sir?

Spend. Yes, canst furnish me?

Amb. Vpon a sufficient pawne sir.

Spend. You know my shop, bid my man deliuer you a piece of three pile veluet, and let me haue as much money as you dare aduenture vpon.

Amb. You shall sir.

Spend. A pox of this luck, it will not last euer:

Play sir, Ile let you.

Rasb. *Frank*, better fortune befall thee: and Gentlemen, I must take my leaue, for I must leaue you.

Scat. Must you needes be gone?

Rasb. Indeed I must.

Bub. *Et tu quoque.*

Long. Yes truly.

Scat. At your discretions Gentlemen.

Rasb. Farewell,

Exeunt Rasb and Long.

Sta. Cry you mercy sir, I am chanced with you all Gentlemen: here I haue 7. here 7. and here 10.

Spend. Tis right sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all,

Drawes all.

One and fise that.

Spend. Vmh, and can a suite of Satrin cheate so grossely? By this light theres nought on one die but fives and sixes; I must not be thus guld.

Bub. Come Master *Spendall*, let.

Spend. No sir, I haue done.

Scat. Why then let vs all leaue, for I thinke a dinners neuer ready.

Dra.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Dra. Your meat is vpon the Table.

Scat. On the Table! come Gentlemen, we do our stomacks wrong: *M. Bubble*, what haue you lost?

Bub. Thats no matter, what I haue lost, I haue lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishnes of the dice.

Sta. I am but your steward Gentlemen, for after dinner I may restore it againe.

Bub. *M. Scattergood*, will you walke in?

Scat. Ile wait vpon you sir, come Gentlemen, will you follow?
Exit: maier Spendall & Staines.

Sta. Yes sir; Ile follow you. *Spend.* Heare you sir, a word.

Sta. Ten if you please.

Spend. I haue lost fifteene pounds.

Sta. And I haue found it.

Spend. You say right, found it you haue indeed,
But neuer won it: doe you know this die?

Sta. Not I sir.

Spend. You seeme a Gentleman, and you may perceiue
I haue some respect vnto your credit,
To take you thus aside, will you restore
What you ha drawne from me vnlawfully?

Sta. Sirra, by your out-side you seeme a citizen,
Whose Cock-comb, I were apt enough to breake,
But for the Now; goe, y^e are a prating Iacke,
Nor ist your hopes, of crying out for clubbes,
Can saue you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to vtter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptst me to thy death.

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer,
The best bloud flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darst thou resist, thou art no Citizen.

Spend. I am a Citizen.

Sta. Say thou art a Gentleman, and I am satisfied,
For then I know thoult answer me in field.

Spend. Ile say directly what I am, a Citizen,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

And I will meeete thee in the field as fairely
As the best Gentleman that weares a sword.

Sta. I accept it, the meeting place.

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sta. What weapon?

Spend. Single Rapier.

Sta. The time.

Spend. To morrow.

Sta. The houre.

Spend. Twixt nine and ten.

Sta. Tis good, I shall expect you, farewell. *Ex. omnes.*

Spend. Farewell sir.

Enter Will Rast, Longfield, and Joyce.

Rast. Why I commend thee Gerle, thou speak'st as thou think'st, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatiues and thou wert not my sister, I should at this time fall in loue with thee.

Joyce. You should not neede, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in loue with you, for I loue a proper man with my heart, and so does all the Sex of vs, let my sister dissemble neuer so much, I am out of charity with these nice and squeamish tricks, wee were borne for men, and men for vs, and wee must together.

Rast. This same plaine dealing is a Jewell in thee.

Joyce. and let me enioy that Jewell, for I loue plaine dealing with my heart.

Rast. Th'art a good wench yfaith I should neuer be ashamed to call thee sister, though thou shouldst marry a Broomeman: but your louer me thinkes is ouer tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Joyce. No, looke ye sir, could you with a man to come better vpon his q let vs withdraw.

Rast. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot wench, See he prepares.

Joyce. Silence.

Ger. The Sunne is yet wrapt in *Auroras* armes,
And lul'd with her delight, forgets his creatures.

Awake

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Awake thou God of heare,
I call thee vp, and taske thee for thy slownesse:
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glasse,
And raise a beauty brighter then thy selfe;
Musitions, giue to each Instrument a tongue,
To breath sweete musicke in the eares of her
To whom I send it as a Messenger. *Enter Garet aloft.*

Gart. Sir, your Musicke is so good, that I must say I like it;
but the Bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to loose
it: if you play'd for mony, there 'tis; if for loue, heere's none;
if for good will, I thanke you, and when you will you may be
gone.

Ger. Leane me not intranc'd: sing not my death,
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,
And call rough windes to her obedience.

Gart. Sir, sir, our eares itch not for flattery, heere you besiege
my window, that I dare not put forth my selfe to take the gen-
tle ayre, but you are in the fields, and volly out your woes, your
plaints, your loues, your iniuries.

Ger. Since you haue heard, and know them, giue redresse,
True beauty neuer yet was mercilesse.

Gart. Sir, rest thus satisfied, my mind was neuer woman, neuer
alter'd, nor shall it now beginne:
So fare you well. *Exit Gart.*

Ras. Sfoot, she playes the terrible tyrannizing *Tamberlaine*
ouer him, this it is to turne Turke, from a most absolute com-
pleate Gentleman, to a most absurd ridiculous and fond lo-
uer.

Long. Oh when a woman knowes the power and authori-
ty of her eye.

Ioyce. Fie vpon her, shee's good for nothing then, no more
then a Iade that knowes his owne strength: The window is claf-
ped, now brother, pursue your proiect, and deliuer your friend
from the tyrranny of my domineering sister.

Ras. Doe you heare, you drunkard in loue, come in to

Greenes Tu Quoque.

vs and bee ruled, you would little thinke, that the wench that talked so scurviely out of the window there, is more inamored on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, see if hee turne not away slighting our good counsell: I am to Christian if she do not sigh, whine, and grow sicke for thee: looke you sir, I will bring you in good witnessse against her.

Ioyce. Sir, y^e are my brothers friend, and I'll be plaine with you, you doe not take the course to winne my sister, but indirectly goe about the bush: you come and fiddle heere, and keep a coile in verse: hold off your hatte, and beg to kisse her hand, which makes her proud. But to bee short, in two lines thus it is:

Who most doth loue, must seeme most to neglect it,
For those that shew most loue, are least respected.

Long. A good obseruation by my faith.

Rafe. Well this instruction comes too late now,
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my inuention.
Sister, O sister, wake, arise sister.

Enter Garterd above.

Gart. How now Brother, why call you with such terrour?

Rafe. How can you sleepe so sound, and heare such grones,
So horrid and so tedious to the eare,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
● sister heere lies a Gentleman that lou'd you too deerely,
And himselfe too ill, as by his death appeares,
I can report no further without teares;
Assist me now.

Long. When he came first, death startled in his eyes,
His hand had not forooke the dagger hilt,
But still he gaue it strength, as if he feard
He had not sent it home vnto his heart.

Gart. Enough, enough
If you will haue mee liue, giue him no name,
Suspition tels me tis my *Geraldine*:
But be it whom it will, I'll come to him,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To suffer death as resolute as he.

Exit Gar.

Rasb. Did not I tell you 'twould take downe sir downe.

Ger. I ghesse what y'ould haue me do.

Long. O for a little blood to sprinkle him.

Rasb. No matter for blood, Ile not suffer her to come neare him, till the plot haue tane his full height.

Ger. A scarffe ore my face, lest I betray my selfe.

Enter Garred below.

Rasb. Heere he is, he still she comes,
Now *Mercury*, be propitious.

Gar. Where lies this spectacle of blood?

This tragicke Sceane.

Rasb. Yonder lies *Geraldine*.

Gar. O let me see him with his face of death!

Why do you stay me from my *Geraldine*?

Rasb. Because, vnworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom liuing thou didst scorne,
The worst part that he had, deseru'd thy best,
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despis'd by you,
Vnsit for aught but for the generall marke
Which you were made for, mans creation.

Gar. Burst not my heart before I see my loue,
Brother, vpon my knees I beg your leane,
That I may see the wound of *Geraldine*,
I will embalne his body with my teares,
And carry him vnto his sepulcher,
From whence Ile neuer rise, but be interde:
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Long. I doe protest she drawes sad teares from me;
I prethee let her see her *Geraldine*.

Gar. Brother, ife you loue me as a sister,
Deprive me not the sight of *Geraldine*.

Rasb. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lippes,
But neither see his face nor yet his wound.

Gar. Not his face?

Rasb.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Nay, I haue sworne it to the contrary;
Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?

Rash. But one kisse, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.

Rash. Marry this liberty I'll giue you,
If you intend to make any speech of repentance
Ouer him, I am content; so it be short.

Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.

Joyce. Peace giue eare to the passion?

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeas'd:
Send not vnto me till I come my selfe:

Then shalt thou know how much I honour'd thee.

O see the colour of his corall lippe,

Which in despite of death liues full and fresh,

As when he was the Beauty of his Sex:

T'were sinne worthy the worst of plagues to leane thee:

Not all the strength and pollicy of man

Shall snatch me from thy bosome.

Long. Looke, looke, I thinke thee'lt rauish him.

Rash. Why how now Sister?

Gart. Shall we haue both one graue? here I am chain'd,
Thunder nor Earthquakes shall shake me off.

Rash. No? I'll try that, come dead man, awake, vp with your
bag and baggage, and let's haue no more fooling.

Gart. And liues my *Geraldine*?

Rash. Liue? faith I,

Why would he not? he was neuer dead
That I know on.

Ger. Is it no wonder *Geraldine* should liue,
Tho he had emptied all his vitall spirits,
The Lute of *Orpheus* spake not halfe so sweete,
When he descended to th' infernall vaults,
To fetch againe his faire *Euridice*,
As did thy sweete voyce to *Geraldine*.

Gart.

Greenes Tu, Quoque.

Gert. I'll exercise that voyce, since it doth please
My better selfe, my constant *Geraldine.*

Ioyce. Why so la, heere's an end of an old Song,
Why could not this haue been done before
I pray?

Gert. O y're a goodly sifter, this is your plot:
Well, I shall liue one day to requite you.

Ioyce. Spare me not, for wheresoeuer I set my affection, al-
though it be vpon a Colliar, if I fall backe, vnlesse it be in the
right kind, bind mee to a stake, and let mee be burned to death
with char-coale.

Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to
be done at this time; but as wee brought you together, so to
part you, you must not lie at racke and manger: there be those
within, that will forbid the banes, Time must shake good For-
tune by the hand, before you two must be great, specially you
sister; come leaue swearing?

Gert. Must we then part?

Rash. Must you part? why, how thinke you? vds foote, I do
thinke we shall haue as much to do to get her from him, as wee
had to bring her to him: this loue of women is of a strange
qualitie, and has more tricks then a juggler.

Gert. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heauen, thy absence hell.

Rash. Lord who'd thinke it?

Ioyce. Come wench.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Spendall and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firme and euen, Ile goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you sir,
You shall haue faire play for your life of me,
For looke sir, Ile be open breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinkes his safety lieth in a
French doubler.

Nay, I would strip my selfe, would comelineffe

Greenes Tu Quoque?

Giue sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee,
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

Sta. Giue me thy hand, by my heart I loue thee,
Thou art the highest spirited Citizen,
That euer Guild-Hall tooke notice of.

Spend. Talke not what I am, vntill you haue tried me.

Sta. Come on sir. *They fight.*

Spend. Now sir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for Ile not beg it of thee.

Spend. Nobly-resolvd, I loue thee for those words,
Here take thy armes againe, and if thy malice
Haue spent it selfe like mine, then let vs part
More friendly then we met at first incounter.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,
Vntill I shall recouer't with my honour.

Spend. Will you fight againe then?
Yes.

Spend. Faith thou dost well then, instly to whip my folly.
But come sir.

Sta. Hold, y^e are hurt I take it.

Spend. Hurt! where? zounds I feele it not.

Sta. You bleed I am sure.

Spend. Sbloud, I thinke you weard a cats claw vpon your
Rapiers point,
I am scratcht indeed, but small as tis,
I must haue blood for blood.

Sta. Yare bent to kill I see.

Spend. No by my hopes, if I can scape that sinne,
And keepe my good name, Ile neuer offert.

Sta. Well sir, your worst.

Spend. We both bleed now I take it,
And if the motion may be equall thought,
To part with clasp'd hands, I shall first subscribe.

Sta. It were vnmanly esse in me to refuse
The safety of vs both, my hand shall neuer fall
From such a charitable motion.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Then ioyne we both, and here our malice ends,
Tho foes we came to th field, weell depart friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter sir Lyonell and a Servant.

Lyon. Come, come, follow me knaue, follow me, I haue the
best nose 'ith house, I thinke, either wee shall haue rainie wea-
ther, or the vaults vnstopt: sirra, goe see, I would not haue my
guesse smell out any such inconuenience: Doe you heare sirra,
symon?

Ser. Sir.

Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maid skowre the sinke, and make
cleane her backe-side, for the wind lies iust vpon't.

Ser. I will sir,

Lyon. And bid *Anchory* put on his white fastian doublet,
for hee must wait to day: It doth mee so much good to stirre
an' talke, to place this, and displace that, that I shall needs no
Apothecaries prescriptions, I haue sent my daughter this mor-
ning as farre as Pimlico to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it
may fetch a colour in her cheekes, the puling harlotry looks
so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother
would say, God rest her soule, before she died. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Rubble, Scattergood and Staines.

Ser. Sir the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knaue, the Gentlemen!

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, wee are too tardie, let one bee sent
presently to meete the gerles, and hasten their comming home
quickly: how dost thou stand dreaming? Gentlemen, I see you
loue me, you are carefull of your houre; you may bee deceiued
in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome: sir *Lyonell*, where are
your daughters?

Lyon. They are at your seruice sir, and forth comming.

Bub. Gods will *Gervasi*! how shall I behaue my selfe to the
Gentlewomen?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why, aduance your selfe toward them, with a comely steppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too low, and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for Ile set a good face ont, thats flat : and for my neather parts, let them speake for themselues : here's a legge, and euer a Baker in England shew me a better, Ile giue him mine for nothing.

Sta. O thats a speciall thing hat I must caution you of.

Bub. What sweete *Geruase*?

Sta. Why, for commending your selfe ; neuer whilest you liue commend your selfe : and then you shall haue the Ladies themselues commend you.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why, they will Ile assure you sir, and the more vileyly you speake of your selfe, the more will they strue to collaud you.

Enter Garter and Ioyce.

Bub. Let me alone to dispraise my selfe, Ile make my selfe the arrantest Cocker. can be within a whole Country.

Lyonel. Here come the Gipsies, the Sunne-burnd gerles, Whose beauties will not vtter them alone, They must haue bagges, although my credit cracke fort.

Bub. Is this the eldest sir?

Lyonel. Yes marry is the sir.

Bub. Ile kisse the youngest first, because she likes me best.

Scar. Marry sir, and whilest you are there, Ile be here :

O delicious touch ! I thinke in conscience Her lippes are lined quite through with Orange Tawny velvet.

Bub. They kisse exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they haue beene brought yp too't, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a set speech : Faire Ladie, shall I speake a word with you?

Ioyce. With me sir?

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. With you Lady, — this way, — a little more, —
So, now tis well, vnh —

Euen as a Drummer, — or a Pewterer.

Ioy. Which of the two no matter,
For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good faith sweet Lady you say true.
But pray you marke me further, I will begin againe.

Ioy. I pray Sir doe.

Bub. Euen as a Drummer, as I said before, —
Or as a Pewterer.

Ioy. Very good Sir.

Bub. Doo — doo — doo.

Ioy. What doe they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know : for to say truth,
I am a kind of an Asse.

Ioy. How Sir, an Asse?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Ioy. Nay, that you are not.

Bub. So God ha me, I am Lady : you neuer saw
an arranter Asse in your life.

Ioy. Why heeres a Gentleman your friend, will not say so.

Bub. Yfaith but he shall : How say you sir,
Am not I an Asse?

Scat. Yes by my troth Lady is he : Why Ile say any thing
my brother Bubble sayes.

Gert. Is this the man my Father choose for mee,
to make a Husband of? O God, how blind
are Parents in our loues : so they haue wealth,
they care not to what things they marry vs.

Bub. Pray looke vpon me Lady.

Ioy. So I doe sir.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well, and tell me if you euer
saw any man looke so scuruiely, as I doe?

Ioy. The fellow sure is frantique.

Bub. You doe not marke me?

Ioy. Yes indeed sir,

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Bub. I, but looke vpon mee well : Did you euer see a worse timberd Legge?

Ioy. By my faith tis a pretty fouresquare Legge.

Bub. I but your foure square Legges are none of the best.
Oh! *Iarvis, Iarvis.*

Sta. Excellent well sir.

Bub. What say you now to mee Lady, can you find ere a good inch about me?

Ioy. Yes that I can sir.

Bub. Find it, and take it sweete Lady : There I thinke I bodd her, *Iarvis?*

Ioy. Well sir, disparage not your selfe so : for if you were The man youd make your selfe ; yet out of your Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough To loue you.

Bub. Augh! now shee comes to me : My behaviour? alas, alas, tis clownicall ; and my discourse is very bald, bald : You shall not heare me breake a good Icast in a twelue month.

Ioy. No sir? why now you breake a good Icast.

Bub. No, I want the *Bronc Iourne*, and the *Tu quoque*, Which yonder Gentleman has : Theres a bob for him too : Theres a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman?

Ioy. Who, he? hees a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are sworne Brothers in good faith Lady.

Enter Seruant.

Scat. Yes in truth we are sworne Brothers, and do meane to goe both alike, and to haue Horses alike.

Ioy. And they shall be sworne Brothers too?

Scat. If it please them, Lady.

Ser. M. B *ill-mee*, the Gold-smith desires to speake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knauc.

Scat. I wonder (sir *Lyonell*) your sonne *Will Rash* is not here?

Lyo. Is he of your acquaintance, sir?

Scat. O very familiar ; hee strooke mee a boxe on the eare once,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

once, and from thence grew my loue to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lyo. It was a signe of vertue in you sir; but heele be here at dinner. Master Ballance, what makes you so strange?
Come you're welcome; whats the Newes?

Balls. Why sir, the old Newes: your man Francis royots still,
And litle hope of thrift there is in him;
Therefore I come to aduise your Worship,
To take some order whilst theres something left,
The better part of his best Wares consumed.

Lyo. Speake softly Master Ballance.
But is there no hope of his recouery?

Bell. None at all sir; for hees already laid to be arrested by
some that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe suffer for him, and am loath
Indeed to doe, what I am constrained to doe:
Well sir, I meane to ceaze on what is left:
And harke you one word more.

Loy. What hainous sinne has yonder man committed,
To haue so great a punishment, as waite
Vpon the humors of an idle Foole:
A very proper Fellow, good Leg, good Face,
A Body well proportioned: but his mind
Bewrayes he neuer came of Generous kind.

Enter Will Rash and Geraldine.

Lyo. Goe to, no more of this at this time.
What sir, are you come?

Rash. Yes sir, and haue made bold to bring a Guest along.

Lyo. Master Geraldine, sonne of Essex?

Ger. The same sir.

Lyo. Ye are welcome sir, when will your Father be in towne?

Ger. T will not be long, sir.

Lyo. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thank you sir.

Lyon.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Lyo. In the meane time you're welcome; pray be not strange,
He leaue my Sonne amongst you Gentlemen,
I haue some busines: harken you M. B. Illance,
Dinner will soone be ready; one word more. *Exit Lys. & Bal.*

Ras. And how does my little *Asinus* and his *Tu quoque* here?
Oh you pretty sweet-fac'd rogues, that for your countenances
might be *Alexander* and *Endrick*: What sayes the old man to
you? wilt be a match? shall we call Brothers?

Scat. I faith with all my heart; if *Mistris Gattred* will,
we will be married to morrow.

Bub. Sfor, if *Mistris Ioyce* will, weele be married to night.

Ras. Why you couragious Boyes, and worthy Wenches,
made out of Waxe. But what shalls doe when we haue
dind, shalls goe see a Play?

Scat. Yes faith Brother: if it please you, lets goe see
a Play at the Globe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, so the Clowne haue a part:
For I faith I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then weele goe to the Red Bull; they say *Greene's*
a good Clowne.

Bub. *Greene*? *Greene's* an Ass.

Scat. Wherefore doe you say so?

Bub. Indeed I haue no reason: for they say, he is as like me as
cuier he can looke.

Scat. Well then, to the Bull.

Ras. A good resolution, continue it: nay on?

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I neuer.

Ras. O while you liue, men before women:
Custome hath plac'd it so.

Bub. Why then Custome is not so mannerly as I would be.

Ras. Farewell M. *Scatred*: Come Louer, you're too
busie here, I must tutor yee: Cast not your eye at the table on
eacy other, my Father will spie you without Spectacles,
He is a shrewd obseruer: doe you heare me?

Ger. Very well sir.

Ras. Come then go we together, let the Wenches alone,

Doc

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Doe you see yonder fellow?

Ger. Yes: prethee what is he?

Raf. Ile giue you him within, hee must not now be thought on: but you shall know him.

Exit Rafs and Gerard.

Ger. I haue obserued my sister, and her eye

Is much inquisitiue after yond fellow,

She has examined him from head to foot:

Ile stay and see the issue.

Joy. To wrastle gainst the streame of our Affection,

Is to strike Aire, or buffet with the winds,

That playes vpon vs: I haue stru'd to cast

This fellow from my thoughts, but still he growes

More comely in my sight, yet a slave

Vnto one worse condition'd then a slave:

They are all gone, heer's none but he and I,

Now I will speake to him: and yet I will not.

Oh! I wrong my selfe, I will suppress

That insurrection *Leue* hath trained in me:

And leane him as he is: once my bold spirits

Had vowed to vtter all my thoughts to him

On whom I settled my affection:

And why retyres it now?

Sir. Fight *Leue* on both sides, for on me thou strike

Strokes that hath beat my heart into a flame:

She hath sent amorous glaunces from her eyes

Which I haue backe return'd as faithfully.

I would make to her, but these fertile Roabes,

Curbes that suggestion, till some fitter time

Shall bring me more perswadingly vnto her.

Joy. I wonder why he stayes, I feare he notes me,

For I haue publickly betrayd my selfe,

By too much gazing on him: I will leane him.

Ger. But you shall not; Ile make you speake to him

Before you goe. Doe you heare sir?

Joy. What meane you sister?

Ger. To sit you in your kind, sister: doe you remember

Greenes Tu Quoque.

How you once tyrannized ouer me?

Ioy. Nay prethee leaue this iesting,
I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in: goe speake to your Louer.

Ioy. Ile first be buried quicke.

Gart. How, asham'd? S foot I tro, if I had set my affection
on a Collier, Ide nere fall backe, vnlesse it were in the right
kind: if I did, let me be tyed to a stake, and burnt to death with
Charcoale.

Ioy. Nay then we shall ha'te.

Gart. Yes marry shall you, Sister, will you speake to him:

Ioy. No.

Gart. Do you heare sir? heres a Gentlewoman would speake
with you.

Ioy. Why Sister, I pray Sister.

Gart. One that loues you with all her heart,
Yet is asham'd to confesse it.

Sta. Did you call Ladies?

Ioy. No sir, heres no one call'd.

Gart. Yes sir, twas I, I call'd to speake with you.

Ioy. My sisters somewhat franticke; theres no regard to bee
had vnto her clamors: will you yet leaue?
In faith youle anger me.

Gart. Passion: Come backe sooe loue, turne againe, and
kisse your belly full, heere's one will stand ye.

Sta. What does this meane tro?

Ioy. Yes, is your humor spent?

Gart. Come let me goe. Birds that want the vse of
Reason and Speech, can couple together in one day;
And yet you that haue both cannot conclude in twenty:
No v Sister I am euen with you, my venome is spit, (mine:
As much happinesse may you enioy with your loue as I with
And droope not wench, nor neuer be asham'd of him,
The man will serue the turne, though he be wrapt
In a blew Coate, Ile warrant him come.

Ioy. You're merrily disposed sister.

Exit Master.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Str. I needes must prosper Fortune & Loue worke for mee:
Be moderate my Joyes; for as you grow to your full bright,
So Bubbles waxeth low. *Exit.*

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Tickleman.

Tick. Will my sweete *Spendall* be gone then?

Spend. I must vpon promise; but ile be heere at Supper:
Therefore Mistrisse *Sweatman*, prouide vs some good cheare.

Sweat. The best the market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twenty shillings; I protest I haue left my selfe
but a Crowne, for my spending morny: for indeed I intend to be
frugall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, you'le to play againe, and lose your
Monie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinke
on it: how if you had beene kild in the quarrell, of my faith
I had beene but a dead woman.

Spend. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble? do not say so, for if you doe,
Gods my iudge, ile gine my selfe a gash.

Spend. Away, away, prethee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay baffle first: Well,
There's no aduersity in the word shall part vs.

Enter Seruants.

Spend. Thou art a louing Rascal; farewell.

Sweat. You will not faile supper?

Spend. You haue my word; farewell.

1. Ser. Sir, we arrest you.

Spend. Arrest me, at whose suite?

2. Ser. Marry there's suites enough against you,
Ile warrant you.

1. Ser. Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, heare me a word.

2. Ser. What do you say?

Greenes Tu Quoque?

Enter Purfuer.

Ticke. How now *Purfuer*, why com'st thou in such haste?

Purf. Shut vp your doores, and barre young *Spendall* out;
And let him be calheard your company,
He is turn'd Banquerout, his wares are seiz'd on,
And his shop shut vp.

Ticke. How, his wares seiz'd on? thou dost but iest, I hope.

Purf. What this tongue doth report, these eyes hath scene,
It is no *Aesop's* fable that I tell,
But it is true, as I am faithfull Pander.

Sweet. Nay I did euer thinke the prodigall would proue
A Banquerout; but hang him let him rot
In prison, he comes no more within these doores.
I warrant him.

Ticke. Come hither, I would he would but offer it,
Weele fire him out with a pox to him.

Spen. Will you do it;
To carry me to prison, but vndoes me.

1. Ser. What say you fellow *Gripe*, shall wee take his 40. shil.

2. Ser. Yes faith, we shall haue him againe within this weeke.

1. Ser. Well sir, your 40. shillings? and weele haue some com-
passion on you.

Spen. Will you walke with me vnto that house,
And there thou shalt receiue it.

Ser. What, where the women are?

Spen. Yes sir.

Sweet. Looke yonder, if the vngracious rascal bee not com-
ming hither,

Betwixt two Sargants: he thinks belike,

That weele relieue him, let vs goe in,

And clap the doores against him.

Purf. It is the best course *Mistresse Ticklemant*:

Ticke. But I say no, you shall not stire a foote,
For I will talke with him.

Spen. Nay, I am come
Euen in the Minute that thou didst professe

Kind.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Kindnesse vnto me, to make tryall of it,
A luerfity thou fees layes hands vpon me,
Bat forty shillings will deliuer me,

Tick. Why you impudent Rogue, doe you come to mee for
mony.

Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,
Hath euer past betwixt your selfe and me?

Sar. Zwounds do you mocke vs, to bring vs to these women.
that do not know you?

Swear. Yes in good sooth, (Officers I take't you're),
Hee's a meere stranger heere; only in charity,
Sometimes we haue relieued him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? Come, I know
My gifts and bounty cannot be soone buried:
Goe prethee fetch forty shillings?

Tick. Talke not to me (you slaue) of forty shillings;
For by this light that shines, aske it againe,
He send my Knife of an errand in your Guttes:
A shamelesse Rogue to cometo me for Money?

Swear. Is he your Prisoner Gentlemen?

Sar. Yes marry is he.

Swear. Pray carry him then to prison, let him smart for't,
Perhaps twill tame the wildnesse of his youth,
And teach him how to leade a better life:
He had good counsell heere, I can assure you,
And if he would haue tooke it.

Purs. I told him still my selfe what woul I pursue.

Spend. Furies breake loose in me: Sargeants, let me goe; He
gine you all I haue, to purchase free-dome but for a lightning
while, to teare yond Whore, Bawd, Pander, and in them the
Diuell; for thar's his Hell, his habitation; nor has hee any other
locall place.

Takes Spendals Cloake.

Sar. No sir, weele take no Bribes.

Spen. Honest Sargeants, giue me leaue to vnlade
A heart ore-chard with griefe, as I haue a fou'le,
He not breake from you.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men.
My fame, and fortune : be subiect to my Curſſe,
And heare me ſpeake it : Maiſt thou in thy youth,
Feele the ſharpe Whippe; and in thy Beldame age,
The Cart: when thou art growne to be
An old Vpholſter vnto *Venerie*,
(A Bawd I meane to liue by Fether-beds.)
Mayſt thou be driven to ſell all thou haſt
Vnto thy *Aqua vita Bottle*, that's the laſt
A Bawd will part withal; and liue ſo poore,
That being turnd forth thy houſe, maiſt die at doore.

Ser. Come ſir, ha you done?

Spn. A little further giue me leaue, I pray,
I haue a charitable Prayer to end with.

May the French Canniball eate into thy fleſh,
And picke thy bones ſo cleane, that the report
Of thy Calamity, may draw reſort
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,
To ſee thy mangled Carcaſſe : and that then,
They may vpon't, turne honeſt, Bawd, ſay Amen. *Exit.*

Sweat. Out vpon him wicked villaine, how he blaſphemes;

Purſ. He will be damnd for turning Hereticke.

Tick. Hang him Banquerout rascal, let him talke in Priſon,
The whiſt weele ſpend his Goods : for I did neuer
Heare, that men tooke example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly conſider't, they ſhould find,
That Whoores and Bawdes are profitable members
In a Common wealth : for indeede, tho we ſomewhat
Impaire their Bodies, yet wee doe good to their ſoules;
For I am ſure, we ſtill bring them to Repentance.

Purſ. By *Dis*, and ſo we doe.

Sweat. Come, come, will you *Dis* before : thou art one of
them, that I warrant thee wilt bee hang'd, before thou wilt re-
pent. *Exit.*

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Rask, Staines and Geraldine.

Rask. Well, this Loue is a troublesome thing. *Jupiter* blesse me out of his fingers: ther's no estate can rest for him: He runnes through all Countries, will trauell through the *Ile of man* in a minute; but neuer is quiet till he come into *Mid-dieax*, and there keepe his Christmas:

Tis his habitation his mantion; from whence; Heele neuer our till he be fied.

Ger. Well, do not tyrannize too much, least one day he make you know his Deity, by sending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, shall strike so deepe into your heart, that it shall make you fetch your breath short againe.

Rask. And make me cry, O eyes no eyes, but two celestiall Starres! A pox ont, I de as I eue heare a fellow sing through the nose. How now Wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keepe your station; you stand as well for the incoun-ter as may be: She is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Basse-vyoll in Confort.

Rask. Which makes thee as Sprightly as the Treble. Now dost thou play thy prize: heere's the honourable Science one against another: Doe you heare Lover, the thing is done: you wot off; you shall haue your Wench alone without any disturbance: now if you can doe any good, why so, the Silver Game be yours, wee'll stand by and giue a iame, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Sta. Tis all the assistance I request of you, Bring me but opportunatly to her presence, And I desire no more: and if I cannot winne her, Let mee lose her.

Gart. Well sir, let me tell you, perhaps you vndertake A harder taske then yet you doe imagine.

Sta. A taske, what to win a Woman, and haue opportunity. I would that were a taske ifaith, for any man that weares his wittes about him: giue me but halfe an houes.

Coq-

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Conference with the coldest creature of them all,
And if I bring her not into fookes Paradise,
Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch.
Vdsfoot, I'de nere stand thruining of Caps for the matter,
Ile quickly make tryall of her if she loue:
To haue her beaury prays'd, Ile prayse it: if her Witte,
Ile commend it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them,
No course shall scape me; for to what soueraine saw her inclind
too, to that would I fit her.

Raf. But you trust not doe thus to her, for shee's a subtile
flouting tongue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you
sollicit her seriously: No, talke me to her wantonly, slightly &
carelessly, and perhaps so you may preuaile as much with her,
as winde does with a Sayle, carry her whither thou wilt, Bully.

Enter Ioy.

Sra. Well sir, Ile follow your instruction.

Raf. Do so And see she appeares; fall you two off from vs,
Let vs two walke together.

Ioy. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him downe so easie to my heart;
Where like a Conquerour he ceases on it,
And beates all other men out of my Bosome?

Raf. Sister, you're well met,
Heer's a Gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Ioy. See, the Seruingman is turn'd a Gentleman,
That villanous Wench my Sister has no mercy,
She and my Brother has conspired together to play vpon mee,
But Ile preuent their sport: for rather then my tongue shall
haue scope to speake matter to giue them mirth, my heart shall
breake.

Raf. You shall haue your desire sir, Ile leaue you;
Grapple with her as you can.

Sra. Lady, God saue you, She turns backe vpon the motion,
Ther's no good to be done by braying for her, I see that;

I must plunge into a passion: now for a peece of *Hers* and
Leander: t'were excellent; and praise be to my memory,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

It has reacht halfe a dozen lines for the purpose :
Well, she shall haue them.

One is no Number, Maydes are nothing then
Without the sweet societie of men.
Wilt thou lino single still ? one shalt thou be,
Though neuer singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Sauages that drinke of running Springs,
Thinke Water farre excels all other things.
They that daily taste neate Wine, despise it.
Virginities albeit some highly prize it,
Compard with Marriage ; had you tryde them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth. No?
Why then haue at you in another kind.

By the faith of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reuerence the
ground that you walke vpon : I will fight with him that
dares say you are not faire : Stab him that will not pledge
your health ; and with a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drink
a full health to you : but it shall bee on this condition,
that you shall speake first.

Vds-foot, if I could but get her to talke once, halfe my la-
bour were ouer : but Ile try her in an other vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Woman without a tongue?
But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a
tongue, and can hold her peace ? But how much more excel-
lent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that Wo-
man to his wife ?

This cannot chuse but mad her ;
And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not
doe tho yet. I pray God they haue not guld me :
But Ile trie once againe.

When will that tongue take libertie to talke ?
Speake but one word, and I am satisfied :
Or doe but say but *Mum*, and I am answerd ?
No sound ? no accent ? Is there no noyse in Woman ?
Nay then without direction I ha don,
I must goe call for helpe.

Rafe. How, not speake ?

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Sta. Not a syllable, night nor sleepe is not more silent :
Shes as dumbe as Westminster H. ll, in the long vitation. *W*

Rasb. Well, and what would you have me doe?

Sta. Why, make her speake.

Rasb. And what then?

Sta. Why, let me alone with her.

Rasb. I so you said before, Gave you but opportunitie,
And let you alone, youd desire no more: but come, I
Ile try my cunning for you: See what I can doe.
How doe you sister, I am sorry to heare you are not well,
This Gent. tells me you have lost your tongue, I pray lets see?
If you can but make signes whereabout you lost it, (pale,
Weele go & looke for it: in good faith sister, you looke very
In my conscience tis for griefe: will you haue

Any comfortable drinckes sent for, this is not the way;
Come walke, seeme earnest in discourse, cast not an eye
Towards her, and you shall see weakenesse worke it selfe.

Ioy. My heart is swelling so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst: Are you a Brother?

Rasb. Looke to your selfe Sir,
The Brazen head has spoke and I must leaue you.

Ioy. Has shame that power in him, to make him lye?
And dare you be so impudent to stand
In the face of my incensed anger?

What are you? why doe you stay? who sent for you?
You were in Garments yesterday, befitting
A fellow of your fashion; has a Crowne

Purchast that shining Satin of the Brokers?
Or ist a cast Suite of your goodly Masters.

Sta. A Cast suite Lady?

Ioy. You thinke it does become you: faith it does not,
A Blew Coat with a Badge, does better with you.
Goe vntresse your Masters points, and doe not dare
To stop your Nose when as his Worship stinckes:
Tas been your breeding.

Sta. Vds life, this is excellent: now shee talkes.

Ioy.

Greene's In Quogue.

107. Nay, were you a Gentleman: and which is more;
Well Landed, I should hardly looke you worse;
For, for your Face, I neuer saw a worse;
It lookes as if twere drawne with yellow Oaker
Vpon Blacke Buckram: and that Haire
That on your Chip, lookes not like a Beard,
But as if had beene smeard with Shoemakers Wax,

Sta. Vdsfoot, thee le make me out of loue with my selfe.

107. How dares y our Basenes onte aspire vnto
So high a fortune, as to reach at me;
Because you haue heard, that some haue run away
With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Cleare;
You forsooth, cockred with your owne suggestion,
Take heart vpon, and thinke me (that am meate,
And (et vp for your Master) fit for younger

Sta. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

107. Or canst thou sometimes as I haue past along,
And haue returnd a Curtie for your Hat;
You as the common trickes is, straight suppose,
Tis Lone (sirreuerce, which makes the word more beastly)
Why, tis worse then silence, or stiller

Sta. Bue we are fooles, and in our reputations
We find the smaft ont:
Kindnesse is tearmed Lighthouse in our sex;
And when we giue a Fauour, or a Kisse,
We giue our Good names too.

Sta. Will you be damis againe?

107. Men you are cald, but you are a viperous brood,
Whom we in charitie take into our bosomes,
And cherish with our hearts: for which, you sting vs.
Sta. Vdsfoot, he fetch him that waked your tongue,
To lay it downe againe.

Sta. Why, how now man?

Sta. O reltue me, or I shal loose my hearing;
You haue raide a Fury vp into her tongue;
A Parliament of women could not make

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Such a Confused noyse as that she vtters.

R^{ab}. Well, what would you haue me do?

Sar. Why make her hold her tongue.

R^{ab}. And what then?

Sid. Why then let me alone againe.

R^{ab}. This is very good Ifaith, first giue thee but oppertunitie, and let thee alone: then make her but Speak, and let Thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then Let her alone: By my troth I thinke I were best to let Thee alone indeed: but come, follow me, The Wild-cat shall not carry it so away, Walke, walke, as we did.

Ioy. What haue you fetcht your Champion? what can he Nor haue you, nor himselfe from out the storme (do,
Of my incensed rage; I will thunder into your eares,
The wrongs that you haue done an innocent Maide:
Oh you're a cupple of sweet: What shall I call you?
Men you are not; for if you were,
You would not offer this vnto a Maide.

Wherein haue I deserued it at your hands? Haue I not been alwaies a kind Sister to you; & in signes & tokens shewed it? Did I not send Money to you at Cambridge when you were but a Freshman, wrought you Purfes and Bands; and since you came toth' Inns a Court, a faire paire of Hangers? Haue you not taken Rings from me, which I haue bin faine to say I haue lost, when you had pauid them: and yet was neuer beholding to you for a paire of Glones?

R^{ab}. A womans tongue, I see, is like a Bell,
That once being set a going, goes it selfe.

Ioy. And yet you to ioyne with my sister against me,
Send one here to play vpon me, whilst you laugh and leere,
And make a pastime on me: is this Brotherly done?
No, it is Barberous, and a Turke would blush to offer it to a Christian; but I will thinke one, and haue it written in my heart, when it hath slipt your memories.

R^{ab}. When will your tongue be wearie?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Joy. Neuer.

Rash. How neuer? Come talke, and Ile talke with you;
Ile try the nimble footmanship of your tongue;
And if you can out-talke me, yours be the victory,

*Heere they two talke and rayle what they list;
then Rash speaks to Stayns.*

All speak. Vds foot, dost thou stand by, and doe nothing?
Come talke and drowne her clamours.

*Heere they all three talke, and Ioyce giues
ouer weeping and Exit.*

Gerald. Alas shees spent y^e with: now the stormes ouer.

Rash. Vds foote, ile follow her as long as I haue any breath.

Ger. Nay no more now Brother, you haue no compassion,
You see shee cries. (laine,

sta. If I doe not wonder she could talke so long, I am a vil-
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: foot, I am almost out of breath
With that little I talk't: well Gent, Brothers I might say;
For she and I must clap hands vpon't: a match for all this.

* Pray goe in; and Sister, saue the matter, colloque with her
Againe, and all shall be well: I haue a little businesse
That must be thought vpon, and tis partly for your mirth;
Therefore let me not though absent be forgotten:
Farewell.

Rash. We will be mindfull of you sir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man what tyred, tyred?

Rash. Zwounds, and you had talk't as much as I did, you
would be tyrd I warrant: What, is she gone in? Ile to her a-
gaine whilst my tongue is warme: and if I thought I should be
vside to this exercise I would haue ate euery morning an ounce of
Lickorish. Exit.

Enter Lodgethe Master of the Prison, and

Lock fast his man.

Lodg. Haue you sumd vp those Reckonings?

Held. Yes sir.

Lodg. And what is owing me?

Held. Thirty-seuen pound odde mony.*

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Lodg. How much owes the *Frenchman*?

Held. A fortnights Commons.

Lodg. Has *Spindull* any mony?

Held. Not any fir: and he has sold all his Cloathes.

Enter Spendall.

Lodg. That fellow would wast Millions, if he had them; Whilst he has Mony, no man spends a penny:

Aske him mony, and if he say he has none,

Be plaine with him, and tarne him out o'th Ward. *Exit Lodg.*

Held. I will fir. *Master Spendall,*

My Master has sent to you for mony.

Spend. Mony, why does he send to me? does he thinke

I haue the Philosophers Stones, or I can clip or coyne?

How does he thinke I can come by mony?

Held. Faith fir, his occasions are so great, that he must

haue mony, or else he can buy no Victuals:

Spend. Then we must starue belike Mydsfoot thou seest

I haue nothing left, that will yeeld mee two shillings.

Held. If you haue no mony,

You're best remoue into some cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward should I remoue in?

Held. Why, to the Two-penny Ward, is likeliest to hold out with your meanes: or if you will, you may goe into the Hole, and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend. I, out of the Almes-basket, where Charitie apperes In likeness of a piece of stinking Fish:

Such as they beate Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Held. Why fir, do not scorne it, as good men as your selfe Haue been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almesbasket.

Spend. And yet slaue, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose, Scrue and make faces, talke contemptibly of it, and of the feeders; surely growne.

Enter Fox.

Held. Well fir, your mallapertnes will get you nothing.

Fox.

Fox. Here,

Held.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Held. A prisoner to the Holl, take charge of him, and vse him as scruilly as thou canst: you shall be taught your dutie by I warrant you.

Spend. Hence slavish tyrants, instruments of torture, There is more kindnes yet in Whores, then you: For when a man hath spent all he may goe And seeke his way, theyle kick him out of dores; Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him To be the subiect of their cruelty.

You haue no mercy; but be this your comfort, The punishment and tortures which you doe Inflict on men, the Devils shall on you.

Held. Well sir, you may talke, but you shall see the end, And who shall haue the worst of it.

Spend. Why villaine, I shall haue the worst, I know it, And am prepar'd to suffer like a Stocke, Or else (to speake more properly) like a Stocke. For I haue no sence left: dost thou thinke I haue?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hees mad?

Spend. Why, thou art i th right; for I am mad indeed, And haue been mad this two yeare. Dost thou thinke I could haue spent so much as I haue done In wares and credit, had I not been mad?

Why, thou must know, I had a faire estate, Which through my riot, I haue torne in pieces, And scattered amongst Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores, That fawnd on me, and by their flatteries, Rockt all my vnderstanding faculties, Into a pleasant slumber; where I dreamt Of nought but ioy and pleasure, neuer felt How I was ludd in sensualitye,

Vntill at last Affliction waked me: And lighting vp the Taper of my soule, Led me vnto my selfe; where I might see A mind and body rent with Misery.

Pri. Henry Fox, Henry Fox. *Fox.* Who calles?

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Prisoners.

Pris. Heeres the Bread and Meate-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man may stay a little.

Pris. Yes indeed *Harry*, the Bread and Meat-man may stay:
But you know our stomachs cannot stay.

Enter Gargascrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwaies first vp.

Pris. And therefore by right, should be first serued: I haue
a stomacke like *Aqua fortis*, it will eate any thing:

O father *Gargascrap* here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further; by and by youle
driuell into the Basket?

Pris. Perhaps it may doe some good; for there may be a
piece of powdred Beefe that wants watring.

Fox. Here *fir*, heres your share.

Pris. Heres a bit indeed: whats this to a *Gargantua* stomack?

Fox. Thou art euer grumbling.

Pris. Zounds, it would make a Dog grumble to want his
Viſuals: I pray giue *Spendall* none; he came into the Holl
but yester-night.

Fox. What, doe you refuse it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thank you.

Pris. No, no, giue it me; he's not yet seasond for our com-
pany.

Fox. Deuide it then amongst you. *Exit Fox & Prisoners.*

Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come,
Hunger will draw me into their fellowship,
To fight and scramble for vnſauery Scraps,
That come from vnknowne hands, perhaps vnwaſht:
And would that were the worst; for I haue noted,
That nought goes to the Prisoners, but such food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or Children, nay sometimes full paunched Dogges,
Haue ouer-lickt, as if men had determind,
That the worst Sustenance, which is Gods Creatures,
How euer they're abus'd, are good enough

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For such vild Creatures as abuse themselves.
O what a flauce was I vnto my pleasures?
How drown'd in sinne, and ouerwhelm'd in lust?
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th'impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance, I might teach them
By my example, to looke home to Thrift,
And not to range abroad to seeke out Ruine:
Experience shewes, his Purse shall soone grow light,
Whom Dice wastes in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all auoyd false Strumpets, Dice, and Drinke;
For he that leapes in Mudde, shall quickly sinke.

Enter Fox and Longfield.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thanke you.

How is it with you, sir? What on the ground?
Looke vp, ther's comfort towards you.

Spem. Belike some charitable friend has sent a Shilling,
What is your Businesse?

Long. Liberty.

Spem. Ther's vertue in that word; Ile rise vp to you,
Pray let me heare that chearefull word againe.

Long. The able and well-minded Widdow *Raysby*,
Whose hand is still vpon the poore mans Box,
Hath in her charity remembred you;
And being by your Master seconded,
Hath taken order with your Creditors
For day, and payment; and freely from her Purse,
By me her Deputy, she hath discharg'd
All Duties in the House: Besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeath'd, to furnish you with clother.

Spem. Speake you this seriously?

Long. Tis not my practise to mocke Misery.

Spem. Be euer praised that Diuinity,
That has to my oppressed state rayld Friends:

Greenes Tu Quoque.

still be his blessings powred vpon their heads :
Your hand, I pray,
That haue so faithfully performd their willes :
If ere my industry, ioynd with their loues,
Shall raise me to a competent estate,
Your name shall euer be to me a friend.

Long. In your good wishes, you requite me amply.

Spend. All Fees, you say, are paid? theres for your loue.

Fox. I thanke you sir, and glad you are releast. *Exit.*

Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How *Apparrell* makes a man respected; the very children in the street do adore me: for if a Boy that is throwing at his Iack-alent chance to hit me on the shinnes: why, I say nothing but, *Tu quoque* smile, and forgine the Child with a becke of my hand, or some such like token: so by that meanes, I doe seldome goe without broken shinnes.

Enter Staines like an Italian.

Sta. The blessings of your Mistris fall vpon you,
And may the heate and spirit of Her lip,
Endue her with matter about her vnderstanding,
That she may only liue to admire you, or as the *Italian* sayes;
Que que dell' ego Gianni Coxcombie.

Bub. I doe wonder what language he speaks.
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Coniurer?

Sta. I am sir, a perfect Traueller, that haue trampled ouer
The face of this vniuers, and can speake *Greece* and
Latine as promptly, as my owne naturall Language:
I haue compold a Booke, wherein I haue set downe
All the Wonders of the world that I haue seene,
And the whole scope of my Iournies, together with the
Miseries and lowlie fortunes I haue endured therein.

Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man; giue me your hand:
How doe yee: in good faith I thinke I haue heard of you.

Sta. No sir, you neuer heard of me, I set this day footing
Vpon

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Vpon the Wharff, I came in with the last peale or Ordinance,
And dind this day in the Exchange amongst the Merchants.
But this is friuelous and from the matter: you doe seeme
To be one of our Gentlell spirits, that doe affect Generositie:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, Garb and habit,
Of the most exactest Nation in the world, the *Italian*:
Whose Language is sweetest, Cloaths neatest, & behauiour
Most accomplit: I am one that haue spent much mony,
And time; which to me is more deare then mony, in the
Oseruation of these things: and now I am come,
I will sit me downe and rest, and make no doubt,
But by qualitie to purchase & build, by professing this Art,
Or humane Science (as I may tearme it) to such honourable
And Worshipfull personages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers endes:
But harke you sir, is your *Italian* the finest Gentleman?

Sta. In the world *Signeor*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard*
to him: he will bounce indeed: but he will burst: But your
Italian is smooth and lofty, and his language is Cozen ger-
man to the *Latine*.

Bub. Why, then he has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Sta. Yes sir, for it is an *Italian* word, as well as a *Latine*,
And infolds a double sense: for one way spoken,
It includes a fine Gentleman like your selfe;
And another way, it imports an Ass, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Iernis* were here, for hee vnder-
stands these things better then I. You will not serue?

Sta. Serue, no sir, I haue talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I pray sir, whats the lowest price of being *Italianized*?

Sta. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty:
And marke me, I will set your face like a *Grand signeor*,
And you shall march a whole day, vntill you come opunctly
to your Mistris,
And not disranck one haire of your phisnomy.

Bub. I would you would doe it Sir, if you wil stand to my
Bounty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian tu quoque*.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Then sir, I will first disburden you of your Cloake,
You will be the nimbler to practise: Now sir, obserue me,
Go you directly to the Lady to whom you deuote your selfe.

Bub. Yes sir.

Sta. You shall set a good stay'd face vpon the matter then.
Your Band is is not to your Shirt, is it?

Bub. No sir, tis loose.

Sta. It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remoue your Hatte, it has beene the fashion (as I haue heard) in *England* to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes;
But it is grosse, naught, inconnenient, and proclaimes with a loude voyce; that he that he brought it vp first, stood in feare of Sargiants. Your *Italian* is contrary, he doth aduance his Hatte, and sets it thus.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set on my head so.

Sta. Soft, I will first remoue your Band, and set it out of the reach of your eye; it must lie altogether backward: So, your Band is well.

Bub. Is it as you would haue it?

Sta. It is as I would wish; onely sir, this I must condition you off; in your affront or salute, neuer to moue your Hatte: But heere, heere is your curtesie.

Bub. Nay I warrant you, let me alone; if I perceiue a thing once, Ile carry it away: Now pray sir, reach my Cloake.

Sta. Neuer whilst you liue, sir.

Bub. No, what do your *Italians* weare no Cloakes?

Sta. Your *Signiors* neuer: you see I am vnfurnisht my selfe.

*Enter Sir Lys Will Rash, Geraldine, Widdow,
Gavred and Ioyce.*

Bub. Say so? prethee keepe it then. See yonder's the company that I looke for; therefore if you will set my face of any fashion, pray do it quickly?

Sta. You carry your face as well as ere an *Italian* in the world, onely enrich it with a Smile, and tis incomparable: and thus much more, at your first appearance, you shall perhaps
Strike

Greenes Tu Quoque.

strike your acquaintance into an extasie, or perhaps a laughter: but tis ignorance in them, which will soone be overcome, if you perseuer.

Bub. I will perseuer, I warrant thee; onely doe thou stand a-loofe and be not seene, because I would haue them think I fetcht it out of my owne practise.

Sta. Do not you feare, Ile not be seene, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Lyo. Now Widdow, you are welcome to my house, And to your owne house too; so you may call it: For what is mine is yours; you may command heere, As at home, and be as soone obaide.

Wid. May I deserue this kindnesse of you, sir?

Bub. Saue you Gent. I salute you after the *Italian* fashion.

Rasb. How, the *Italian* fashion? Zounds, he has drest him rarely

Lyo. My sonne *Bubble*, I take it?

Rasb. The neither part of him I thinke is he; But what the vpper part is I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he said true, They are all in an extasie.

Garr. I thinke hee's mad?

Lyo. Nay that cannot be, for they say, they that are mad, lose their wits: and I am sure he had none to lose.

Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now sonne *Bubble*, how come you thus attyrd? What, do you meane to make your selfe a laughing stocke, ha?

Bub. Vm, Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the lone of laughter looke yonder, Another Herring in the same pickle.

Rasb. The tocher *Hobbie* bodie. I perswade is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sea. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bub. Who has made him such a Coxcombe too? An *Italian* tu quoque.

Scas. I salute you according to the *Italian* fashion.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. Puh, the *Italian* fashion? the tattered *de-malian* fashion? he meanes.

Scat. Saue you sweete blouds, saue you.

Lyo. Why but what legge is this?

Scat. Nay if I know father, would I were hangd,
I am e'ne as Innocent as the child new borne.

Lyo. I but sonne *Bubble*, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scat. Felts? By this light mine is a good *Beauer*.
It cost me three pounds this morning vpon trust.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it vpon trust: for no man that
has any shame in him, would take mony for it. behold Sir.

Scat. Ha, ha, ha.

Lyo. Nay neuer doe you laugh, for you're ith same blocke.

Bub. Is this the *Italian* fashion?

Scat. No, it is the Fooles fashion:
And we two are the first that follow it.

Bub. Et tu quoque, are we both cozened:
Then lets shew our selues brothers in aduersity, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was he that cheated you?

Bub. Marry sir, he was a Knaue that cheated me.

Scat. And I thinke he was no honest man that cheated me,

Lyo. Do you know him againe if you see him?

Enter Straines.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I see him:

But I do not know how I should come to see him,

O' Iarnis, Iarnis, doe you see vs too, *Iarnis?*

S. a. Yes sir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not see vs very well;

For we haue beene horribly abused.

Neuer were *Englishmen* so guld in *Italian*, as we haue beene.

Bub. Why sir, you haue sold your Cloake and Hatte.

Bub. *Iarnis* you lye, I haue lost my Cloake and Hatte:
And therefore you must vse your credite for another.

Scat. I thinke my old Cloake and Hatte, must bee glad to
serue me till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, I'll furnish you:

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To night you lodge with me, to morrow morne
Before the Sunne be vp; prepare for Church,
The Widdow and I haue concluded on't:
The Wenchēs vnderstand not yet so much,
Nor shall not vntill bed-time: then will they,
Not sleepe a wincke all night for very ioy.

Ser. And Ile promise the next night
They shall not sleepe for ioy neither.

Lyo. O Master *Geraldine*, I saw you not before:
Your father now is come to towne, I heare?

Ger. Yes sir.

Lyo. Were not my businesse earnest, I would see him:
But pray intreate him breake an houres sleepe
To morrow morne, t'accompany me to Church;
And come your selfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, heere comes one,
That has but lately shooke off his Shackles.
How now sirra, wherefore come you?

Spend. I come to craue a pardon sir, of you,
And with hearty and zealous thanks
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath giuen me
More then ere I could hope for: Liberty.

Wid. Be thankfull vnto Heaven and your Master:
Nor let your heart grow bigger then your Pulse,
But liue within a limit, least you burst out
To Riot, and to Misery againe:
For then I would looke the benefite I meant it.

Lyo. O you do gratically, tis good aduice:
Let it take roote sirra, let it take roote.
But come Widdow come, and see your Chamber;
Nay your companie too, for I must speake with you.

Exit.

Spend. Tis bound vnto you Sir.

Dub. And I haue to talke with you too; *Missis Ioy:*

Pray,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ioy a word.

Ioy. What would you, sir?

Bub. Pray let me see your hand; the line of your Maidenhead is out. Now for your finger, vpon which finger will you weare your wedding Ring?

Ioy. Vpon no finger.

Bub. Then I perceiue you meane to weare it on your thumb. Well, the time is come *(sweet Ioyce)*, the time is come.

Ioy. What to do, sir?

Bub. For me to tickle thy *tu quoque*; to do the act of our fore-fathers: therefore prepare, prouide,

To morrow morning to meete me as my Bride, *Exit.*

Ioy. Ile meete thee like a Ghost first.

Gar. How now, what matter haue you fished out of that foole?

Ioy. Matter as poisoning as corruption,
That will without some Antidote strike home
Like blew infection to the very heart.

Rasb. As how for Gods sake?

Ioy. To morrow is the appointed Wedding day.

Gar. The day of doome it is?

Gr. T'would be a dismal day indeed to some of vs.

Ioy. Sir, I do know you loue me; and the time

Will not be dallyed with: be what you seeme,
Or not the same: I am your Wife, your Mistris;
Or your Seruant; indeed what you will make me:
Let vs no longer wrangle with our Wits,
Or dally with our Fortunes; lead me hence,
And carry me into a Wildernesse:

Ile fast with you rather then feast with him.

Sir. What can be welcommer vnto these armes?

Nor my erst recored, is more sweete,
Nor strikes more ioy in me, then does your loue.

Rasb. Will you both kisse; then vpon the bargain,
Heer's two couple on you; God giue you ioy,
I wish well to you, and I see tis all the good that I doe you:
And so to your shifts I leane you.

Ioy.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Inv. Nay Brother, you will not leave vs thus, I hope?

Rash. Why, what would you haue mee doe, you meane to run away together, would you haue me run with you, and loose my Intermittence: No, I will trade with your backes to me, and your bellies to them away.

Ger. Nay I protest he was thus vncomfortable: Without that we were together.

Rash. By my troth, and I thinke so too: you loue one another in the way of Carnell, doe you not?

Ger. What else man?

Rash. What else man? why not a question to be askt; For I can assure you, there is another kind of loue: But come follow me, I will be your good Angell still: 'Tis in this braine how to procure my Father and his brace Of Beagles: you shall none of you be hid to night: Follow but my direction, if I wrong you not, To haue, and to hold, for my selfe, for my wife, but not be held an Eunuch in wit, & one that wheneuer Father to a good feast.

Ger. Weele be instructed by you.

Rash. Well, if you be, it will be your owne another day. Come, follow me.

Spensall meets them, and they look strangely upon him, and Exit.

Spens. How ruthless men are to liberitie, My acquaintance scarce will know me, when we meet They cannot stay to talke, they must be gone, And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them: A man must trust vnto himselfe, I see; For if he once but hals in his estate, Friendship will prooue broken Churches to him: Well, I will leane to none of them, but stand Free of my selfe: and if I had a spirit Daring to act what I am prompted too, I must thrust out into the world againe,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Full blossum'd with a sweet and golden Spring;
It was an argument of loue in her
To fetch me out of Prison, and this night
She claspt my hand in hers, as who should say,
Thou art my Purchase, and I hold thee thus:
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it:
I am resold my Genus whispers to me,
Goe on and win her, thou art young and active;
Which she is apt to catch at; for theres nought
Thats more vnsteadfast, then a womans thought.

*Enter Sir Lyo, Will, Rafe, Scatter-good, Bubble,
Widdow, Gartered Lye, Phillis,
and Seruant.*

Lyo. Heres ill lodging Widdow: but you must know,
If we had better, we could afford it you.

Wid. The lodging Sir, might serue better Guests.

Lyo. Not better, Widdow nor yet welcommer:
But we will leaue you to it, and the rest.

Phillis, pray let your Mistris want not any thing,
Once more Good night, Ile leaue a kisse with you,
As earnest of a better Quist to morrow.

Sirra, a Light.

Wid. Good rest to all:

Bub. *Et tu quaque* forsooth.

Scar. God giue you good night, forsooth;
And send you an early resurrection.

Wid. God-night to both.

Lyo. Come, come away, each Bird vnto his nest,
To morrow nights a time of little rest.

Monet Widdow and Phillis
Wid. Here vntie: soft, let it alone,
I haue no disposition to sleepe yet:
Giue me a Booke, and leaue me for awhile,
Some halfe houre hence, looke in to me.

Phil. I shall forsooth.

Exit Phillis

Enter

Greene's Tr. Quoque.

Enter Spendull.

Wid. How now, what makes this bold intrusion?

Spend. Pardon me Lady, I haue busines to you.

Wid. Busines, from whom, is it of such importance,
That it craues present hearing?

Spend. It does.

Wid. Then speake it, and be bricfe.

Spend. Nay gentle Widdow, be more pliant to me.
My suite is soft and courtious: full of loue.

Wid. Of loue?

Spend. Of loue.

Wid. Why sure the man is mad? bethinke thy selfe,
Thou hast forgot thy errand?

Spend. I haue indeed, faire Lady; for my errand
Should first haue been deliuered on your lippes.

Wid. Why thou impudent fellow, vnthrif of shame,
As well as of thy purse; What has moued thee
To prosecute thy ruine? hath my bountie,
For which thy Master was an orator,
Importune thee to pay me with abuse?
Sirra retire, or I will to your shame,
With clamors rayse the house, and make your Master
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungeon,
From whence you came.

Spend. Nay then I must be desperate:
Widdow, hold your Clapdish, fasten your Tongue
Vnto your Roofe, and do not dare to call,
But giue me audience, with feare and silence:
Come kisse me: No?

This Dagger has a point, doe you see it?

And be vnto my suit obedient,

Or you shall feele it too:

For I will rather sorter, hang in cleane Linnen,

Then line to scrub it out in lowlie Linings.

Goe too, kisse: You will? why so: Again: the third time?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Good, tis a sufficient Charme : Now heare me,
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordships,
Mannors, and faire Possessions, and I haue not so much
As one poore Coppy hold to thrust my head in.
Why should you not then haue compassion
Vpon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and liuelihood vpon him ;
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decayed in you ? You want Children,
And I am strong, lusty, and haue a backe
Like *Hercules*, able to get them
Without the helpe of Muscadine and Eggs :
And will you then, that haue enough,
Take to your Bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt vp in threescore yeares, to lie a hawking,
Spitting, and coughing backwards and forwards,
That you shall not sleepe ; but thrusting forth
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw
The Curtaines, such a steame shall reeke
Out of this dunghill. Now, what say you ?
Shall we without further wrangling clap it vp,
And goe to Bed together ?

Wid. Will you heare me ?

Knacke-wit.

Spend. Yes with all my heart,

So the first word may be, Vntrusse your Poynts.
Zounds one knocks : do not stirre I charge you,
Nor speake, but what I bid you :
For by these lippes which now in loue I kisse,
If you but struggle, or but rayse your voyce,
My arme shall rife with it, and strike you dead.
Go too, come on with me, and aske who's there ?

Wid. It is my Maide.

Spend. No matter, doe as I bid you : say, Who's there ?

Wid. Who's there ?

Wabin Phillis. Tis I, forsooth.

Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay,

Till

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Till I shall call vpon you.

Wid. If it be you forsooth, then pray you stay,

Till I shall call vpon you.

Spnd. Very well, why now I see

Thou'lt proue an obedient wife, come, lets vndresse.

Wid. Will you put vp your naked weapon fir?

Spnd. You shall pardon mee (Widdow) I must haue you
grant first.

Wid. You will not put it vp.

Spnd. Not till I haue some token of your loue.

Wid. If this may be a testimony, take it. *Kisse him.*

By a'l my hopes I loue thee, thou art worthy

Of the best widdow lining, thou takest the course;

And those that will win widdowes must doe thus.

Spnd. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked
weapon in my hand; but come, valace.

Wid. Nay my deare love, know that I will not yeeld

My body vnto lust, vntill the Priest

Shall ioyne vs in *Hymens* sacred naptiall rites.

Spnd. Then set your hand to this, nay, tis a contract

Strong and sufficient, and will hold in Law,

Here, heres pen and inke, you see I come provided.

Wid. Giue me the pen.

Spnd. Why, heres some comfort,

Yet write your name faire I pray,

And at large; why now tis very well,

Now Widdow you may admit your Ma'ld,

For it's the next roome Ile goe fetch a nap.

Wid. Thou shalt not leaue me so, come prethee fir;

Weele talke a while, for thou hast made my heart

Dance in my bosome, I receiue such ioy,

Spnd. Thou art a good wench ysaith, come kisse vponr.

Wid. But will you be a louing husband to me,

Avoid all naughty company, and be true

To me, and to my bed?

Spnd. As true to thee, as Steele to A'snant

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Bind him to the post.

Wid. Ile bind you to your word, see that you be,
Or Ile conceale my bagges, I haue kinsfolkes,
To whom Ile make ouer, you shall not haue a penny.

Sperd. Push, prethee doe not doubt mee:
How now, what meanes this?

Wid. It meanes my vengeance; nay sir, you are fast,
Nor doe not dare to strugge, I haue libertie,
Both of my tongue and feet, Ile call my maid:

Phillis come in, and helpe to triumph, *Enter Phillis.*

Ouer this bold intruder, wonder not wench,
But goe vnto him, and ransacke all his pockets,
And take from thence a Contract which he forst
From my vnwilling fingers.

Sperd. Is this according to your oath.

Phillis. Come sir, I must search you.

Sperd. I prethee do:

And when thou tast that from me, take my life too.

Wid. Hast thou it gerle?

Phil. I haue a paper here.

Wid. It is the same, giue it me, looke your sir,
Thus your new fancied hopes I teare asunder:
Poore wretched man, thou hast had a golden dreame,
Which guilded ore thy calamitie:
But being awake thou findest it ill laid on;
For with one finger I haue wipt it off:
Goe, fetch me hither the Casket that containes
My choicest Jewels, and spread them here before him:
Looke you sir:

Heres Gold, Pearle, Rubies, Saphirs, Diamonds;
These would be goodly things for you to pawne,
Or rebell with amongst your Curtizans,
Whilst I and mine did starue: why dost not curse,
And vtter all the mischiefes of thy heart,
Which I know swells within thee, powre it out,
And let me heare thy fury.

Sperd.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Neuer, neuer :

When ere my tongue shall speake but well of thee,
It prooues no faithfull seruant to my heart.

Wid. False traytor to thy master, and to me,
Thou liest, theres no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burn'd to vglinesse, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speake truth.

Wid. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my Sex, ——— and if I not belieue thee,
Take me ynto thee, these, and all thats mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all :
And doe not blame this triall, cause it shewes
I giue my selfe ynto thee, am not forst,
And with'r alone, that ne'r shall be diuorst.

Spend. I am glad tis come to this yet, by this light
Thou putttest me into a horrible feare :

But this is my excuse : know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate, as my actions seemd :
For fore my dagger should ha drawne one drop
Of thy chaste blood, it should haue fluc'd ont mine :
And the cold point struck deepe into my heart :
Not better be my fate, if I shall moue
To any other pleasure but thy loue.

Wid. It shall be in my Creed : but lets away,
For night with her blacke Steeds drawes vp the day. *Ex*

*Enter Rast, Staines, Geraldine, Gortred, Ioyce, and
a Boy with a Lanthorne.*

Rast. Softly Boy, softly, you thinke you are vpon f
ground, but it is dangerous: youle neuer make a good thiefe,
you rogue, till you learne to creepe vpon all foure: If I doe
not sweate with going this pace: euery thing I see, mee
thinke should be my father in his white beard.

Sta. It is the property of that passion, for feare.
Still shapes all things we see to that we feare.

Rast.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Rasb. Well said Logicke, sister, I pray lay hold of him, & For the man I see is able to giue the watch an answer, if they

Enter Spendall, Widdow, and Phillis.

should come vpon him with Interrogatories: Zounds wee are discovered, boy, come vp close, and vse the property of your Lanthorne: what dumb show should this be? (vs.)

Geral. They take their way directly, intend nothing gainst

Sen. Can you not discern who they are?

Ioyce. One is Spendall.

Geral. The other is the Widdow as I take it.

Sen. Tis true, and thats her maid before her.

Rasb. What a night of conspiracie is here, more villany? theres another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of al, griefe will giue him a box ysaith, but tis no great matter, I shal inherit the sooner, say soft sir, you shal not passe so currant with the matter, Ile shake you a little: who goes there?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that asks the question?

Rasb. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be, by the voyce, young *Rasb.*

Why, we are honest folkes.

Rasb. Pray where doe you dwell? not in towne I hope.

Spend. Why we dwell, zounds where doe we dwell?

I know not where.

Rasb. And youle be married you know not when, zounds it were a Christian deed to stop thee in thy iourney: hast thou no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Suppose I had bin a Constable, you had bin in a fine taking, had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worse face of ill bent towards me,
Then that thou merrily puttst on.

Rasb. Yes, heres foure or fise faces more, but ne'r an ill one, though neuer an excellent good one, Boy, vp with your lanthorne of light, and shew him his associates, all running a way with the flesh as thou art; goe, yoake together, you may be oxen one day, and draw al together in a plough, go march together,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

together, the Parson sayes for you, pay him royally, come, giue me the Lanthorne, for you haue light sufficient, for night has put off his blacke Cappe, and salutes the morne, now farewell my little children of *Cupid*, that walke by two and two as if you went a feasting: let me heare no more words, but bee gone.

Spend. & Sia. Farewell.

Qart. & Jayer Farewell brother.

Rash. I, you may cry farewell, but if my father should know of my villany, how should I fare then? but altho' that, I haue done my sisters good, my friends good, and my selfe good, and a generall good is alwayes to be respected before a particular, ther's eight score pounds a yeere saved, by the conueyance of this Widdow, I heare footesteps, now darkenesse take me into thy armes, and deliuer me from discovery. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Lynwell.

Lynwell. Lord, Lord, what a carelesse world is this, neither Bride nor Bridegroome readie, time to goe to Church, and not a man vnruffled, this age has not scene a young Gallant rise with a candle, we liue drowued in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicitie: this was not the life when I was a yong man, what makes vs so weake as we are now? a feather-bed: what so vnapt for exercise? a feather-bed: what breeds such paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at best, a wench in a feather-bed: is it not a shame, that an old man as I am should be vp first, and in a wedding day, I thinke in my conscience ther's more mettrall in lads of threescore, then in boyes of one and twenty.

Enter Basket bier.

Why Basket bier.

Bask. Heere sir.

Lyo. Shall I not be trussed to day?

Bask. Yes sir, but I went for water.

Lyo. Is *Will Rash* vp yet?

Basket. I thinke not Sir, for I heard no body stirring in the house.

Lyo. Knocke sirra at his chamber.

Knocke within.

L

The

Greenes Tu Quoque.

The house might be plucked downe, and builded againe,
Before hee can wake with the noyse. *Ras. aloft.*

Ras. Who's that keepes such a knocking, are you mad?

Lys. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy slowch,
Than makst thy bed thy graue, and in it buriest
All thy youth and vigor; vp for shame.

Ras. Why, tis not two a clocke yet.

Lys. Out sluggish knaue, tis nearer vnto five,
The whole house has out-slept themselves, as if they had
drunke wild poppy: Sirra, go you and raise the maids, and
let them call vpon their mistresses.

Bak. Well sir, I shall. *Exit.*

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Scat. Did I eat any Lettice to supper last night, that I am
so sleepeie, I thinke it be day light, brother *Bubble.*

Bub. What sayst thou brother? heigh ho!

Lys. Fic, fic, not ready yet? what sluggishnesse
Hath seized vpon you? why, thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster, surely I was begotten
in a Plumb-tree,

I ha such a deale of gumme about mine eies. *Enter seruant.*

Lys. Lord how you stand! I am ashamed to see
The Sunne should be a witnesse of your sloath,
Now sir, your haste.

Bak. Marry sir, there are guests comming to accompa-
ny you to Church.

Lys. Why, this is excellent, men whom it not concernes
Are more respectiue, then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father *Ras* be not so outrageous, we will go in and
buckle our selues all in good time; how now! whats this a-
bout my shinnes? *Enter old Geraldine and Long-field.*

Scat. Me thought our shankes were not fellowes, we haue
metamorphosed our stockings for want of splendor. *Exit.*

Bub. Pray whats that *Splendor*?

Scat. Why, tis the Latin word for a Christmasse candle.

Lys. O Gentlemen, you loue, you honor me; welcome,
welcome

Greenes In Quoque.

welcome good Master *Geraldine*, you haue taken paines
To accompany an vnderferuing friend. *Enter Phillis.*

Old Ger. You put vs to a needlesse labour sir,
To runne and wind about for circumstance,
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would haue serud.

Lys. How now wench, are the females ready yet?
The time comes on vpon vs, and we run backward:
We are so vntoward in our busines,
We thinke not what we haue to doe, nor what we do.

Phil. I know not sir whether they know what to doe, but
I am sure they haue been at Church well-nie, an houre, they
were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them
make such haste.

Lys. Ist possible, what thinke you Gentlemen?
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man
Can make young Virgins leaue their bedds so soone.
But is the Widdow gone along with them?

Phil. Yes sir, why, she was the ring-leader.

Lys. I thought as much, for she knowes what belongs tot.
Come Gentlemen, me thinkes tis sport to see
Yung wenches run to Church before their husbands:
Faith we shall make them blush for this ere night. *Ex. Rafe.*
A sirra, are you come? why, thats well said;
I marld indeed that all things were so quiet,
Which made me thinke th'ad not vnwrapt their sheets:

Enter Seruant with a cloake.

And then were they at Church I hold my life:
Maides thinke it long vntill each be made a wife.

Enter Spend. Sir, Gerald, Widdow, Gartered, and Ioyce.

Hast thou my cloake knaue? well said, put it on,
Weele after them; let me goe hasten both,
Both the Bridegroomes forward, weele walke alittle
Softly on afore: but see, see, if they be not come
To fetch vs now, we come, we come,
Bid them returne, and saue themselues this labour.

Raf. Now haue I a quartane ague vpon me.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyo. Why how now! why come you from Church to kneele thus publikely, what's the matter?

Ger. We kneele fir for your blessing.

Lyon. How, my blessing! Master *Gervaldine*, is not that your sonne?

Old Ger. Yes sir, and that I take it is your daughter.

Lyon. I suspect knauery, what are you?

Why do you kneele hand in hand with her?

Sir. For a fatherly blessing too fir.

Lyon. Hoy day! 'tis palpable, I am guld, and my son *Scattergood* and *Bubble* fool'd, you are married?

Spend. Yes sir, we are married.

Lyo. More villany, euery thing goes the wrong way.

Spen. We shall goe the right way anon. I hope.

Lyo. Yes marry shall you, you shall come to the Counter againe, and that's the right way for you.

Wid. O you are wrong.

The prison that shall hold him are these armes.

Lyon. I doe feare that I shall turne stinckard, I do smell such a matter: you are married then?

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Spend. *Ecces signum* heeres the wedding Ring & affirme it.

Lyon. I beleue the *Knaue* has drunke *Ipozras*, He is so pleasant.

Scat. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. *Tu quoque* to all; what shall we goe to Church?

Come, I long to be about this geere.

Lyon. Doe you heare me, will you two goe sleepe againe? take out the tother nap, for you are both made *Cockescombes*, and so am I.

Scat. How *Cockescombes*.

Lyon. Yea *Cockescombes*.

Scat. Father, that word *Cockescomb* goes against my stomacke.

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha digested a *Woodcocke* better.

Lyon.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyon. You two now are to goe to Church to be married,
And they two come from Church, and are married.

Bub. How, married, I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why sir, what would you do?

Bub. Why sir I would forbid the banes.

Scat. And so would I.

Lyon. Doe you know that youth in Sattin, hee's the penner
that belongs to that Inck-horne.

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man *Gernase*.

Scat. Yes sir.

Enter a Sergeant.

Bub. And haue you married her?

Scat. Yes sir.

Bub. And do you thinke you haue vñde me well?

Scat. Yes sir.

Bub. O intollerable Rascall, I will presently bee made a Iu-
stice of Peace, and haue thee whipp'd, go fetch a Constable.

Scat. Come, y^e are a flourishing Assie; Sergeant take him to
thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'l be his baile, for all debts which
come against him.

Scat. Reuerend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a soone,
Which I shall euer pay in my obedience:

Know that which made him gracious in your eyes,

And guilded ouer his imperfections,

Is wasted and consumed even like ice,

Which by the vehemency of heate dissolues,

And glides to many Riuers, so his wealth,

That felt a prodigall hand, hot in expence,

Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers

Ranne like a violent streame to other mens,

What was my owne, I catch'd at.

Lyon. Haue you your mortgage in?

Scat. Yes sir.

Lyon. Stand vp, the matter is well amended,
Master *Geraldine*, you giue sufferance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry do I sir, for since they loue,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ile not haue the crime lie on my head,
To diuide man and wife.

Lys. Why, you say well, my blessing fall vpon you.

Wid. And vpon vs that loue Sir *Lyonell*.

Lyon. By my troth since thou hast tane the yung knaue,
God giue thee ioy of him, and may he proue
A wiser man then his Master.

Sta. Sergeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serg. Sir *Lyonell* *Kass* will baile him.

Lyon. I baile him knaue! wherefore should I baile him?
No, carry him away, Ile relieue no prodigals.

Bub Good sir *Lyonell*, I beseech you sir, Gentlemen, I pray
make a purse for me.

Serg. Come sir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why, that does you no harme *Gernase*, Master I
should say, some compalsion.

Sta. Sergeants, come backe with him, looke sir, heere is
your liuery,

If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humilitie
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incombrances,
And take you againe into my seruice.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let me goe, I will take his worships
offer without wages, rather then come into your clutches a-
gaine; a man in a blew coate may haue some colour for his
knauery, in the Counter he can haue none.

Lyon. But now M. *Scattergood*, what say you to this?

Scat. Marry I say tis scarce honest dealing for any man to
Conny-catch another mans wife, I protest wele not put it

Sta. No, which we?

(vp.

Scat. Why, *Gartred* and I.

Sta. *Gartred*, why, sheele put it vp.

Scat. Will she?

Ger. I that she will, and so must you.

Scat. Must I?

Ger.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Ger. Yes that you must.

Seat. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not:
But that I must: So vale, vale: Et tu quoque. *Exit.*

Lyon. Why, thats well said,

Then I perceiue we shall wind vp all wrong:
Come Gentlemen, and all our other guests:
Let our well temperd bloods taste *Bacchus* feasts,
But let vs know first how these sports delight,
And to these Gentlemen each bid good night.

Ross. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends,
All that I did was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamouret I did strive to proue,
But now I leaue that, and pursue your loue.

Gert. My part I haue performed with the rest,
And though I haue not, yet I would doe best.

Sta. That I haue cheated through the Play, tis true,
But yet I hope, I haue not cheated you.

Ioyce. If with my clamors I haue done you wrong,
Euer hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I haue offenseue been,
Henceforth Ile play the ciuill Citizen.

Wid. Faith all that I say, is, how ere it hap,
Widdowes like Maids sometimes may catch a clap.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth Ile prouoke ye,
If you but please to like of *Greene's Tu quoque.*

FINIS.